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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

THE picture given below represents Sir Henry Havelock, the famous Indian General, in the attitude and costume in which he has been most frequently seen by the army during the past few months. He is represented leading a charge of cavalry, and galloping over the slain.

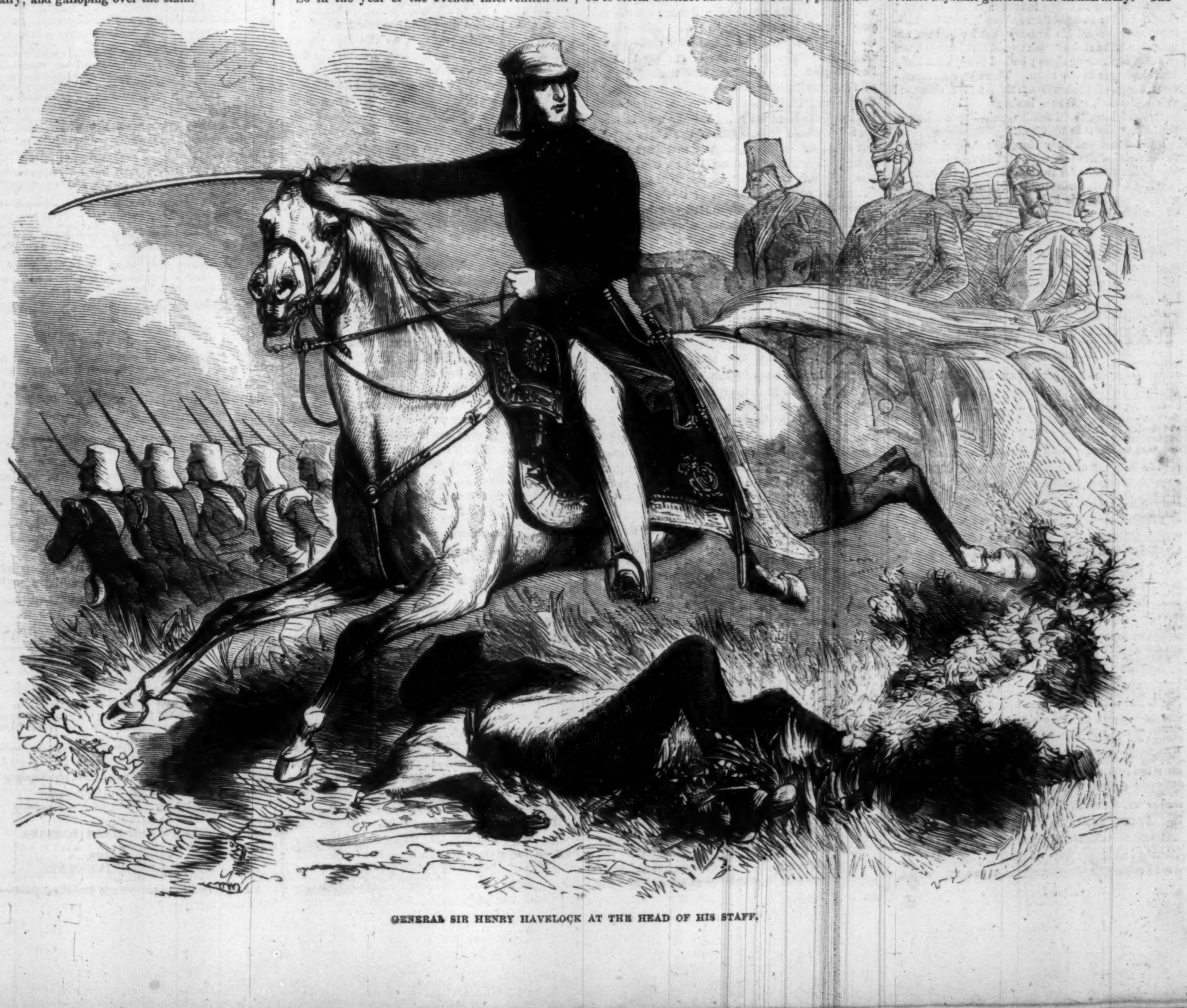
His career has been one of arduous labor and tardily recognized merit. Born in 1795, at Bishopwearmouth, which is a part of the sea-port of Sunderland, he was educated at the Charter-house School—an institution which the immortal author of "The Newcomes" has rendered familiar to every American. His father, a man of wealth, seems to have been a tradesman, and desired his sons to occupy a higher social position than his own. The elder he sent into the army; the younger, Henry, he entered of the Middle Temple as a student-at-law. But Napoleon came rushing back from Elba, and the Bourbons, with equal precipitation, came running away from France: there were more wars, and more glory and danger for soldiers; and the stories told by the dragoon, William Havelock, so fired the spirit of his younger brother, Henry, that he threw his law books aside, and bought a commission in the Rifle Brigade.

Unhappily for the student-soldier, Waterloo had just been fought. Europe, fairly exhausted by so much throat-cutting, determined to try the experiment of a flash of peace; the soldier's vocation was gone, for the time. In the British army a man calculates on being seven years a subaltern. By good luck he may obtain a company at the end of four or five; the blessed few whom Divine Providence hath caused to spring from noble *souches* may become captains after three, two, or one year of service, or, indeed, no service at all. But common humanity expects to drudge seven years, in hardship and ill-luck, as ensign and lieutenant. Henry Havelock, after eight years' hard service in garrison at home, saw himself no nearer his company than he had been seven years before. That monstrous notion of the English—to try a flash of peace—was fatal to him.

So in the year of the French intervention in Spain, when Englishmen of his stamp were disgusted at England's refusal to count herself in the fight, he went to India. British business in India being filibusterism, war was the normal state of affairs, and had been since Clive. Happily, the year after the young lieutenant's arrival, an opportunity occurred to knock the Burmese about; and he joined in the fray. Here was active service at last; and the biographers tell us that Lieutenant Havelock distinguished himself in "several actions." With small fruit, however. When the war ended he was lieutenant still, with great renown as a soldier in his small sphere, and a general reputation in India as a linguist. The latter capacity procured him an appointment on the embassy to Ava; the former recommended him directly afterward to the superintendence of a new military school established by Lord Combermere at Chinsurah. These were transient honors. The Ava Embassy delivered its message, and returned home; the school at Chinsurah proved a failure, there being no scholars to teach; and Havelock returned to his regiment. For ten years thereafter Henry Havelock, who had fought gloriously in half a dozen hard fights, who spoke almost every language used in India, and whose civil capacity was recognized by all his superiors, remained a lieutenant—just where he had been when he went to Hindostan. Our own soldiers are, after all, not the only ill-treated mortals on earth.

It is usually considered, in the British service, that no man can consider his future prospects good unless he has been made a captain at twenty-five. Henry Havelock was forty-two when he won his company, and had served his country twenty-three years. His merit at last began to tell. He formed part of the first expedition against Cabul; helped to storm Ghanzee and invade Cabul; joined Sir R. Sale, and was present at all the actions of that campaign, from the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass to the siege of Jellalabad. Those of us who read the newspapers fifteen years ago will remember the dispatches which described the brilliant defense of the British garrison at Jellalabad; they were written by Captain Havelock, who, with two other officers, directed the operations. In April, 1842, it was decided to make a general attack on the besiegers; the army was divided into columns, and the command of one column given to Captain Havelock. He defeated the enemy before the other columns came up; forced Mohammed Akbar to raise the siege; and at length won from the government his first honor — the decoration of Companion of the Bath. For the next five years his life was active. He obtained several staff appointments as Persian interpreter, and fought, seemingly, wherever there was fighting going on. We read of him at Istaliff, at Marahapore, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. During the whole of the Sikh campaign he occupied a prominent position; at Sobraon a cannon-shot passed through his saddle-cloth, and killed his horse. The close of the war was rendered peculiarly memorable to him by the death of his elder brother, Colonel Havelock, of the Dragoons, who was shot dead at the head of his men at Ramnuggur. The two brothers had fought side by side for a quarter of a century; the death of the elder was a cruel blow to Henry Havelock; his grief, combined with the effects of his long and arduous service, began to tell upon his health; he was obliged to obtain leave of absence.

After spending a couple of years in Europe, he returned to India with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—he had gained his majority in Cabul—and became adjutant-general of the Indian army. The



GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK AT THE HEAD OF HIS STAFF.

rank implied that he was the best-trained soldier in the service.

He continued to discharge its duties till the Persian war broke out, when he obtained command of one of the divisions of the army. But little glory was won by any one during this war: at Mohammerah, it may be remembered, Colonel Havelock would doubtless have won a smart victory, but for the fleet which did the work before his troops came up, and left them nothing to do. He was on his way home to India when the mutiny broke out, and had the pleasure of being wrecked on the coast of Ceylon. Fortunately, he fell in with another ship within five days after the wreck, and took passage in her for Calcutta.

He arrived in the nick of time. The government were waiting for some special man to stem the tide of rebellion and murder in the northern provinces. Colonel Havelock's arrival removed all hesitation from the governor's mind; he obtained the command of a movable column, consisting of British soldiers, and set out for Allahabad, with the rank of brigadier-general. His services at the head of that column are too fresh in the minds of all newspaper readers to need rehearsal here. It is doubtful whether an army ever performed such marches under such a sun, or fought so many battles against such odds with such unvarying success before. Each successive mail one has looked with agonized feelings to hear of the annihilation of Havelock and his gallant little band; and each mail has brought us fresh tidings of glorious exploits and astounding successes. Fame contains no guerdon too proud for Havelock.

He is a pious soldier—a Baptist—what the scoffers call a psalm-singer. When he obtained command of a regiment, he had a Bethel tent pitched every Sunday morning, wherever he was, and performed religious services for all who chose to attend. Many soldiers used to flock to hear him; and a rumor spreading that some natives had been induced to attend his ministrations, and had even been baptized, the government was advised to inquire into such irregular practices. Lord Gough was the commander-in-chief at the time, and he frankly admitted that, though he did not consider the Bethel-tent business so enormously heinous as Colonel Havelock's accusers seemed to do, still he did not approve of soldiers forgetting their duties to become missionaries. He promised to inquire into the matter. The result of the inquiry was, that of all the regiments on duty in India Colonel Havelock's was not only the most efficient, but was the one in which there was the least drunkenness, the least robbery, and the fewest punishments. Upon which honest old Gough declared to the friends who wanted him to supersede Havelock—"Gentlemen, if this be the fruits of his mania for converting people, I wish he would convert the whole army."

How Havelock is beloved by the English, one may learn from an incident which took place at one of Jullien's concerts in London the other day. At the close of a striking piece, when the audience were still under the exciting influence of the excellent music, Jullien stepped forward, and in his impressive way informed his hearers that he had an announcement to make which would thrill to the heart of every one among them; he had to say that Lady Havelock was in the room. There was a tremendous burst of applause at this, and a thousand voices shouted, "Where is she?"

"Gentlemen," said Jullien, pointing to a box in the hall, "she is in that box."

At that moment Lady Havelock stepped forward to the front of the box with her two daughters, and bowed her thanks for the compliment paid her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Jullien, "I think we can not fill this hall with better sounds than cheers for the gallant soldier whose exploits are ringing in every one's ears. So if you will let me lead you, I will give you the Hip, hip."

And he led off, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" They say that the cheers almost burst the windows of the hall; it was some time before the concert could be continued.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

OURSELVES.

THE next number of the *Weekly* will close the first volume. We avail ourselves of the occasion to express our sense of the favor which has been shown to the *Weekly* by the public in all sections of the country. Our regular edition—of nearly seventy thousand—is larger than we had any reason to expect it would be, and very considerably larger than that of any other newspaper published in the country, with perhaps two exceptions. By the close of the next year we confidently estimate that our circulation will have doubled.

Our design—to provide the American public with the best possible weekly paper—will be prosecuted during the ensuing year with renewed vigor, and with the increased outlay which the success of the *Weekly* justifies. We shall continue to illustrate whatever is worthy of illustration in passing events in every part of the world. We shall give a complete record of the news; articles containing useful information on a variety of topics; the best stories that can be had from American and foreign authors; together with poetry, and cheerful and lively sketches of the age we live in. It may suffice to say that the first literary and artistic talent will be employed to make the *Weekly* what it proposes to be—the best family paper in the world, and one which shall be indispensable to every American home.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message—which is a long, sensible, practical document, a striking contrast in these respects to the Messages of President Pierce—sets out with a reference to the state of the national commerce and finances. So far as the Government is concerned, a loan has become necessary, in consequence of the falling off in the revenues; the people are suffering from a revulsion almost unprecedented in severity. It has been caused by the inflation of bank and railroad credits; the remedy, for the present, lies in the recuperative energies of the people and in their capacity for retrenchment and self-denial; in the future, such revulsions may be guarded against by a law which shall place any unduly expanded bank in the power of its depositors and note-holders. This law should also be made to cover the case of insolvent railways: both—railways and banks—should be liable to be forced into bankruptcy by unsatisfied creditors. The National Government can afford no relief to the unemployed or to the mercantile community.

Our foreign relations are next considered, and the old Central American dispute with England is canvassed at length. The net result of the long-pending negotiations is—*nil;* but as both Governments are agreed upon a basis of action and a common principle, there is reason to believe that ere long a satisfactory treaty may be concluded. With France our relations are amicable; but her invidious discriminating port dues have not yet been altered. Our disputes with Spain have not yet been adjusted; but Mr. Buchanan intends to send out a new Minister to Spain, and, through his agency, hopes to see them amicably and speedily settled. Our duty, in the pending dispute with China, is to preserve an attitude of neutrality; but our Minister has been instructed to co-operate with the British and French Ministers in their efforts to obtain fresh privileges by treaty.

With the Governments of this continent, Paraguay and New Granada alone excepted, our relations are amicable; and it is our duty to prevent such filibustering expeditions against their territory as have just left New Orleans under the command of General Walker. Our dispute with New Granada is in a fair way of adjustment; but we have obtained no satisfaction from Paraguay for an unjustifiable assault upon a national vessel, and Congress is recommended to authorize the President to obtain reparation in a thorough manner.

Turning then to domestic affairs, the President reviews the history of the Kansas imbroglio, and concluding that the only question which absolutely required a submission to the people was that referring to "domestic institutions"—by which the President understands nothing but the institution of slavery to have been meant. He considers that the submission of that institution to the popular judgment by the Lecompton Convention satisfied the aim and intent of the Kansas Act. It is, or may be true, that the whole population of the Territory did not take part in the election of members of this Constitutional Convention; but an opportunity was afforded them to do so, and if they did not choose to avail themselves of it, they can not expect the General Government to mix itself in the dispute at this conjuncture to relieve them from the consequences of their neglect. In a word, the President, considering the ends of justice and the design of the Kansas Law fulfilled by the submission to the people of the slavery clause in the Lecompton Constitution, and holding that it would be a grave iniquity to confiscate the slaves now in Kansas, who were taken there under the Constitution as expounded in the Dred Scott case, regards the Lecompton Constitution as quite fair, and not calling for Federal revision or interference.

The President relates at length the treasonable proceedings which have taken place in Utah, and, after stating that overt acts of rebellion have left no doubt on any mind of the design of the Mormon authorities, calls upon Congress to strengthen the arm of the Executive to put down the rebels, and re-establish the sovereignty of the United States over the Territory.

Formal matters occupy the bulk of the remainder of the Message. Thus the organization of the Territory of Arizona is recommended to Congress, and the arguments in favor of a Pacific Railroad are strongly put. A brief summary is given of the reports of the Army, Navy, Treasury, Interior, and Post-office Departments. Ground is taken against lavish grants of land to railways and other large corporations.

The Message closes with an entreaty to Congress not to leave the most important measures of legislation to the last hours of the session, but to allow the President forty-eight hours to study each bill before his signature must be affixed to it or withheld.

This brief summary of the Message will give our readers a fair idea of its contents. We have had more striking Messages, to be sure; but, on the whole, this is a very fair document, and will do President Buchanan's reputation no injury. Senator Douglas and his friends, looking to the conciliation of Northern sentiment, have already joined issue with the President on the Kansas matter; but, judging from present appearances, there is more smoke than fire in the movement, and a fair compromise between the Administration and Senator Douglas does not seem an unlikely contingency.

THE WAR ON THE BANKS AND THE RAILWAYS.

THE President and the Secretary of the Treasury have sounded a war-note which will be eagerly taken up all over the country. We allude, of course, to the recommendation to Congress to pass an act placing insolvent banks and railways at the mercy of their creditors, and enabling the latter to thrust their corporate debtor into bankruptcy. Nothing could please the public better.

For the railways and the banks have no friends, and are proverbially fair game; they are rich, and can buy off dangerous opposition. Where could a better fowl be found to pluck?

This peculiarity of these corporate institutions must be borne in mind, or confusion will ensue in the endeavor to account for the coupling together of banks and railways, which, as every one knows, have nothing in common but their presumed or apparent wealth.

What have the railways done? The story is told in a single sentence: They have run into debt; they have paid dividends which they never earned; they have shinned their way along, paying three per cent. a month for money, and so made it dearer for the public; and, as a natural consequence of these errors, they have broken down, and creditors and stockholders have suffered accordingly. But is not this sufficient penalty for their misdeeds? With one or two rare exceptions, such as the Reading Railroad Company of Pennsylvania, we are not aware of any railroad company which is protected by law from the natural consequences of insolvency. We presume that the creditors of the Erie Railroad could sell it out as easily as they could sell out John Smith or John Brown. As to the maladministration of the affairs of these companies, that is surely rather the affair of the stockholders than of the public or the government. If a bankrupt law be necessary to compel insolvents to enter into liquidation (and we will not say that it is not), on what grounds is it more necessary for railroads than for private individuals? The latter are notoriously worse debtors than the former.

Banks stand on a different footing. In most of the States of the Union—if not in all—a bank which can not redeem its notes in specie is liable to be wound up, and it is some one's duty to wind it up within a specific delay. In most States, again, a bank, by law, is bound to break or to pay its deposits in specie, as well as its notes. But, in practice, as the late revulsion shows, these provisions of the law for the protection of the public against the banks are liable to be evaded, either by special legislation by the State legislatures, or by the intervention of the Court to which the duty of giving effect to the law has been intrusted. It is this evasion of the law which Mr. Buchanan proposes to avoid by taking the subject of bank suspensions out of the hands of the State legislatures and giving it to Congress.

Well, should the proposed law pass, and should another revulsion overtake us, like that of this year, we must prepare to see every bank in the country broken. A specie reserve that will enable all banks to pay all their circulation and deposits in specie when required to do so, will never be possessed by the banks of any actively commercial country. It is utterly futile to expect them to carry such a load; and equally futile to suppose that they could stand a panic with one-third their liabilities in coin. A panic would break them beyond question.

The merit or demerit of the proposed bill may therefore be tested by the following question: Should we be better or worse off than we are, if, when our banks suspended last October, a Government official had stepped in, laid hands on their assets, and wound them up for the benefit of their creditors—leaving the depositors without any immediate means, and the country without any banks?

DICTATOR LOPEZ *vs.* CIVILIZATION.

WE are glad to perceive from the Message of President Buchanan that the outrageous policy of the President of Paraguay, Lopez, has at length attracted the attention of the Executive. In the second number of the *Weekly* we gave an account of this despot, and related at length the nature of the relations which he had had with the civilized world—necessarily concluding that if, by any chance, he could be brought under the hand of any civilized power, it would be a general blessing.

The President now relates the circumstances which justify us in demanding redress from Paraguay. Two years since, when the United States vessel *Water Witch* was ascending the Paraguay in the prosecution of a scientific voyage, she was fired upon by a Paraguayan fort, the pretext being that Paraguay, though owner of but one bank of the river, chose to close it to vessels of all nations. American citizens, resident in Paraguay, have also been despoiled of their property and wantonly exiled by the headstrong and reckless despot who happens to be dictator of that State.

Had Great Britain perpetrated these outrages, we should have gone to war about them long since. One fails to discover any solid reason why our dealings with Paraguay should be guided by different principles, or should lead to a different result. The weakness of an assailant may be taken into consideration hereafter, when he is at our mercy; but the outrage should not pass unnoticed.

For nearly half a century Paraguay, incomparably the finest country of South America, has been closed to civilization and commerce by the narrow policy of two despots, Francia and Lopez. The people have been subjected to a grinding tyranny, in comparison with which Austrian or Russian despotism is paternally mild; there has been no safety for property or life in any part of Paraguay. Foreigners, as well as natives, have been the victims of the most atrocious oppression on the part of the dictators: the Englishman Robertson, the Frenchman Bonpland, and more recently several citizens of the United States, have been robbed and exiled at a moment's warning, and without the least provocation. If we are to keep up an army and navy, surely it is for the purpose of preventing and avenging outrages such as these.

If the Parana and Paraguay were thrown open to trade, it is likely that the State of Paraguay would consume more of our produce and merchandise than any other South American nation. National pride should suggest that while England is opening China for our benefit as well as her own, we should render civilization a like service by compelling the Dictator of Paraguay to cease to be a nuisance, and to throw open his country to the commerce of the world.

THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

AT the close of last week the Banks of New York, Boston, and some other towns, resumed specie payments on all their liabilities. The Banks of Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and some of the Western towns, still remain in a state of disgrace; but it is to be expected that all the financial institutions which have not obtained a legislative cloak for their suspension will forthwith hasten to place themselves in line with their brethren of the metropolis. The suspension lasted sixty days, during which time the New York city Banks gained the enormous sum of thirty millions of specie. Nor was the want of gold ever severely felt in this meridian by private individuals. The unanimous testimony of the large retail establishments goes to show that—notwithstanding the trifling premium obtained on gold—they received quite as much as usual in the ordinary transactions of their business. In parts of the West, we hear, specie has become scarce; but the injury inflicted has been slight. Down South no lack of gold has ever been experienced.

It does not appear, on the whole, that the country at large has been a sufferer in a material point of view by the suspension of specie payments. That is to say, it has not, apparently, cost us many dollars. It has cost the English something, and been the means of ruining many merchants; but the country has not lost any portion of its intrinsic wealth, while many sources of expenditure have for the present been stopped. The suspension has borne no resemblance to that of 1837. It has taught us that no law can protect a bank from a temporary failure to fulfill its obligations under the pressure of a panic; and it has yielded good fruit in the shape of experience of the consequences of railway and stock gambling. If this be turned to good account—if the banks mark, learn, and inwardly digest the moral of their late fiasco, the revulsion will prove to have been an actual benefit.

ABOLITION OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE news that the government of England have resolved to abolish the East India Company, and take the administration of India into their own hands, will take no one by surprise. But whether the change will prove a benefit remains to be seen. For the past twenty years the political power of the East India Company has been a myth; Hindostan has been really ruled by the British Cabinet. Practically, therefore, the change to be effected will be merely this: the British Government will now lose the scapegoat they have heretofore had for their Indian blunders.

THE LOUNGER.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEN a military or political leader dies there is, as is proper, a public funeral. The public shows, in the best way it can, its respect for ability, and its regret for its loss. But who are public benefactors? who are the men whose names should be inscribed in the Parthenon, and commemorated with monuments? Surely if a soldier is a patriot, an artist is. If a great merchant does not die without peculiar ceremonies of respect and regret, an artist should not pass away without a public expression of honor.

This is even more incumbent upon the friends of art in this country than in any other, because with us nothing is conceded, as a matter of course, to the genius of the artist. His position is ill defined and not well understood in this country, and the friends of liberal and ennobling studies, therefore, owe it to the cause they love, to show that its servants are as sure of memorial honors as a rich merchant or a successful soldier.

When Cooper died there was a fit commemoration. A crowd gathered in the beautiful Metropolitan Hall. Webster and Irving and Bancroft presided, and Bryant delivered the eulogy, surrounded by the men of letters, the artists, and the friends of liberal pursuits. An artist is now just dead: a sculptor born in New York, cut off in the midst of a great national work, and whose fame was greater than that of any American artist since Allston. His obsequies have been celebrated with respect and distinction, but do his position and services require nothing more—not in honor to himself, perhaps, so much as in self-respect to the guild of art and letters?

The Century Club, an association of artists and authors, and their friends, intend to observe with due dignity the death of Thomas Crawford, by an elaborate address upon his life, and character, and genius, from Thomas Hicks, one of his personal friends, and a distinguished professor of the kindred art of painting. Why should not the plan be expanded into a public ceremony? In this country, in which art yet struggles for recognition, in these days of depression from financial disaster, it would be a noble spectacle, that of a church thronged with those who love the aims that the sculptor served, listening to solemn music, and then turning to hear a brother artist celebrate the career of Crawford.

The Lounger hopes this suggestion may fall like seed into good ground.

A SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL.

All night long the snow had been falling. When day broke there was no wind—no sound in the air. Winter, with its first snow, was showing that it could treat the landscape as tenderly as Summer; and where green leaves and flowers had been now lay a white blossoming, pure as the sky and soft as silence. Every bough, and twig, and spray was sheathed in snowy bloom, and the gentle weight bent them gently down into more graceful forms. Houses, and fences, and brown fields, that looked ragged and dull the day before, had been touched by the lovely magic, and all their sadness was consoled and their defect of beauty repaired. The distant fields and hills were lost in the moist haze of the lightly-falling storm; the great stones in the meadow were cushioned more softly than with down, and the bushes by the brook more profusely tufted than with flowers. The air was warm; the sense of life and of tender solemnity was not less than in summer mornings. The day had nothing of death but its beauty. So white, so calm, so pure—the world lay like a sculptor's world, but carved in such infinite and unattainable perfection!

So it was in the country; but in the city the day was dark and wet. At noon the stately church on St. John's Square was filled with the friends of the sculptor, Thomas Crawford; and standing in solemn silence before his coffin, covered with flowers and laurel wreaths, they listened to the voice that sang those comfortable words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

He rests from his labors, while they were yet in successful progress, while he was yet a young man. The struggle was over; the doubt, the uncertainty of recognition were passed; and his name was known more widely than that of any contemporary American artist. Whatever his sagacity and industry achieved, was richer and fuller than what went before, and his future seemed thronged with the visionary forms of various triumph.

But like a racer with the light of generous ambition in his eye, and the fire of fervent purpose in his heart, and his foot just lifted for the race, a hand is laid upon his shoulder, and a voice whispers in his ear: "A race thou shalt not run!" Ah! that, and not the race, is the trial of the man! "Thou canst do," that voice seems to say; "canst thou also refrain from doing?"

The sweet submission of genius to calamity is one of the ennobling spectacles of human history. Not the blind Samson, staggering in his wrath and pulling down the temple, but the blind Milton, sitting in the sunlight and singing his immortal hymn, is the image of victorious genius. In the bloom of life, in the fullness of power—the honeyed lips of Fame already touching his own—the ardent man and earnest artist, turned and listened to the voice; then quietly put aside hope, and effort, and ambition, and in the arms of a love which, like God's sunshine, was never weary, breathed away his life.

How many of his companions in art and ambition, who stood beside his coffin, stand also in the race, as he stood. To their eyes and hearts the same fire of purpose and light of hope; the Future as sweet a syren to them as ever it was to him. If it were given them to choose between the successes of his life, and the simple submission of his death, would not their choice be the test of their manhood? They thronged sadly around his coffin, and bore away the white flowers and the sprays of laurel that said more than words, almost more than the music, could say. Did they not feel that the solemn triumph of the hour lay not in his worth as an artist, but in his nobility as a man; that the laurel wreath should, in memory, crown, not chiefly the sculptor who carved great statues, but the man who forebore with submission in the very hour of achievement?

SISTE, VIATOR: STAY, TRAVELER!

x is an unknown quantity, but such xcellence can not long remain so. His lines steal into our columns without any bustle. His poem is *staid*; of course it is. (Why should any reader echo, *of corset 'tis?*) The Lounger, in the absence of any other dedication, begs to inscribe it to Miss Nelly Lancer.

CORSETS.

When I was over in your town,
  Some months ago, or more,
I saw a very sing'lar thing
  I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window-case,
  Upon a string a-straddle;
Looked something like an hour-glass,
  And something like a saddle.

I asked of several city gents
  Who chanced to be at hand,
What was it? But their gibberish
  I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint,"
  On certain parties placed;
Like a decree in Chancery
  To stay the tenant's "waste."

Another said—the greenest chap
  Of any in the swarm—
"It warn't the glass of fashion," but
  It was the "mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine"
  A lady used to "rig her;"
To bring her life and form into
  The very smallest figure.

At last a little girl came out—
  And think of my amaze—
She asked me if I wouldn't please
  To buy a pair of stays!

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
  But strike me deaf and dumb
If ever I until that hour
  Suspected "them was um!"

Well, isn't it exceeding strange
  That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
  Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
  Strait-jackets "put about" 'em;
But women in their wits should make
  A shift—to do—without 'em. X.

HOG.

It was delightful to meet Hog again upon his travels. He is a wonderful being; you find him every where. In whatever direction your journey lies, Hog is always sure to be going the same way. He is in all the cars, and steamboats, and hotels, and is not entirely unknown at the opera, in lecture-rooms, and at church.

Upon this occasion it was in the cars; and when you meet him there he is generally accompanied by his wife, or some female friend. It is perfectly easy to recognize him; in fact, it is almost impossible not to know him at the first glance. If you open the door of a car, and survey the interior, Hog is that individual who, when the car is full, occupies one seat with his female friend, and devotes the seat before him to the support of her shawl and basket, and, oftentimes, his own admirable feet. Though every other seat should be full, and men and women standing uneasily in the passage, the good Hog is not distressed by their misfortunes, but quietly doesn't see them. He is busy talking with his friend, or looking out of the window, or sleeping, or meditating with closed eyes. His eyes, indeed, are doing any thing but seeing the discomfort around him.

If some audacious traveler ventures to inquire if the spare seat in front of Hog is engaged, he subjects himself to scorn and indignation. He is withered by a Hoggish glance of contempt, which is as insulting as silence can be made. If the inquirer persists, Hog, with an air of oppressed virtue and Christian forgiveness of injuries, slowly and reluctantly lifts the bundle or the basket before him, and turns away with emotion too great for words to express his utter abhorrence of interlopers and ruthless invaders of his sacred and immemorial rights. The humbled inquirer for a seat, which he has paid for, slinks into it abashed and melancholy, and inly respecting the noble forbearance of Hog.

The fare is, probably, four dollars—which entitles every passenger to a seat; Hog has paid eight dollars, and occupies sixteen dollars' worth of space, and grudges allowing his neighbor his property. Hog is a thief, at once mean and insolent, and is yet allowed to pass to and fro unrebuked and unrestrained.

It is bad enough—or is so considered by some travelers—that females should assume a right to every seat, without the slightest recognition or thanks to the occupants. The Lounger can not express an opinion upon that matter. The sex must be defended at all hazards. There is no other way of peace. But that a great male booby should keep his betters—even women and children—standing in the passage of a car, while he occupies their property, is intolerable. And yet the American submits. If a man steal five cents' worth of silver out of his pocket, the "law-abiding" (whatever that may mean) American incontinently hands the sinner over to the civil arm; but if the same man robs him to his face of five dollars' worth of seat, the mild American yields, and makes no sign. "Fiddle-de-dee!"—cried the Count Pomumville, who had ridden in omnibuses up and down Broadway, and heard some eloquent natives celebrating the delights of independence—"Fiddle-de-dee! Call this an independent country? Don't talk to me of a free people, when no man dares to complain of the thirteenth passenger in an omnibus, but goes on bumping and squeezed by him, with that ridiculous placard all the time staring at the whole company, and proclaiming, '*Seats for twelve.*'"

The Count Pomumville is a shrewd observer, and has a little human heroism. A few such men introduced into railway cars would make short work of the Hog family.

But you, gentle reader, look carefully around the next full car you enter, and mark the Hogs. Then do you think you are brave enough to help on the Millennium by going up to something with a man's clothes on, that keeps honest people from sitting by piling his cloak and shawl into the seat, and touching your hat to it, and asking, in an audible voice, so that the company there assembled and a grateful country can hear, "Sir, are you a Hog?"

THE LETTER-BOX.

December 11, 1857.

Dearest Mr. Lounger,—There is a dreadful rumor in town, which I hasten to disbelieve—but it still troubles me. I have heard something like it before, but I trembled and held my tongue. Now I am determined to solve the doubt. *Is Eugénie going to give up hoops?* If she is, there is the end of us. What *can* we do with those frightful limp skirts? For my part, I think they are really indecent. You know they ——; and then they are so ——; and they are always sure to ——. In truth, *I* regard hoops as great moral institutions; and I hope the Emperor won't let her. Please write to him about it.

Yours truly, Delia Rail.

December 11, 1857.

Well, dear Lounger, I am glad we are about to be emancipated from hoops. For my part I am tired of isolation, and am rejoiced at the prospect of getting near to my kind again. When one considers why Eugénie first wore them, it must be admitted that it seems shockingly improper for young girls to put them on. In fact, *I* regard hoops as an immoral fashion.

Yours respectfully,
Melissa Porpus.

Metropolis, *November* 30, 1857.

My Dear Lounger,—I have just returned from a long vacation in Europe, and, as you may imagine, find many things in my native city very much changed. Old familiar faces have given place to new ones; many of the old landmarks have disappeared, and often it seems as though I had come to a new place instead of the old New York which I left eight years ago. The "Old Brick Church" is no more; the Tabernacle has gone; churches and congregations have moved up town, pushed by the march of our giant commerce.

Walking up one of our fashionable avenues lately, I was particularly struck by a beautiful white marble church, which I was shocked to hear my companion (a young lady) say was dedicated to the "Sacred Shanghai." We continued our walk some distance, and among the numerous religious edifices which we saw was one which really presented a picturesque appearance. Its style of architecture was early English, and its cross-topped gables produced a very pleasing effect in my mind; but judge of my astonishment when my innocent cicerone alluded to it as the "*Orange-peel Church.*" I of course sought an explanation, which she gave as follows:

"Why, you know, that it is the church where they prop up Churchmen who are in danger of turning Romanists."

"But why the Orange-peel Church?" said I.

"Oh!" said she, "have you never read in Dickens's 'Old Curiosity Shop,' about the Marchioness and her orange-peel and water, which she said '*made very good wine, if you only made believe a great deal!*'"

I must confess I was mystified.

On our return we saw a curious-looking edifice, not, however, without considerable artistic merit. It is in the Lombardo-Romanesque style—the material brick and Caen stone. This my friend told me was the "Church of the Holy Zebra." Our conversation now became very ecclesiological in its tone, and my fair companion incidentally remarked that a few evenings before she had been induced to attend service in a church on the east side of the town, which she had heard spoken of as a *Millerite affair*; but this was undoubtedly false, as the sequel will show.

It is a chapel—*i. e.*, a room properly furnished. At one end a commodious "*sacrarium*" and "*choir*" are railed off. In the "*sacrarium*" is the "*altar*"—a truly beautiful affair, covered with a magnificent "*ante-pendium*" and "*super-frontal.*" The top of the altar (during the time of communion) is covered with a fine linen cloth, with crosses embroidered on it, and bordered with fine lace, which hangs down in front some eighteen inches. The "*super-altar*" is usually covered with flowers, and at night two tapers shed their soft, symbolical light upon the officiating clergyman.

The choristers are robed in pure white *surplices*, and the sacristan wears a *souton* with *cincture*. The entire service is performed in plain song. She said this was denominated the "Church of *Saint Farina.*"

Now, my dear Lounger, I have arrived at the point of my letter: I wish to know whether you, with your varied and extensive knowledge, can inform me who "Saint Farina" was? I have looked over the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Bollondists, and can find no record of him, or her (as the case may be—the termination bespeaks the feminine gender). Was he or she Jew, Gentile, Christian, Mohammedan, or Mormon? Or is he or she some recent prodigy of the Free Lovers, or Spiritualists? Is the name genuine, or merely symbolical of a place of refreshment for hungry souls?

These are questions upon which I am sorely exercised, and to which I can find no definite answer among even divines of note. I have since learned, from other sources, that the concern is a *self-raised* institution, and self-supporting. Would there were more such! Furthermore, that the poor of the parish are cared for by a band of self-denying young men, known as the "Brotherhood of Wheaten Grits." They must needs possess the true *grit* (to use a vulgar term), to meet the scenes of misery that the coming winter will beget. But I have said enough. If possible, friend Lounger, please let me know, in your next *Weekly*, whether such a church as the one I have described really does exist, and, if so, where it may be found? Believe me, your humble servant, Inquirer.

P.S.—I forgot to state that two officers, armed with rods resembling billiard-cues, stand as guard during the service.—Inq.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—Inquirer (*this week's Lounger*).—Saint Farina is the *flower* of saints, and the patron of all well-bred men. You will find a great deal of her in Oven, although he takes warm sides upon all subjects. Her worship dates from antiquity. Remains indicative of the rites paid to her are found in the Egyptian pyramids. In fact, these may be considered the germ of the modern culture. Of the particular chapel of which you speak, the Lounger has no knowledge. But he is glad to state one great ecclesiastical truth, which much experience has confirmed in his mind. It is this: that, as under every fashion of dress, however rude, or elegant, or grotesque, or extravagant, or in whatever age or country, the same hearty, handsome human figure is to be found—so under every kind of ecclesiastical form, simple or stately, old or new, there dwells the same sincere and humble religious spirit. Saint Farina is not the only saint. We do not live by bread alone, but she is a lover and a blesser of the race. She was known to the Indians—who worshiped her—and in the "Song of Hiawatha," and in one of Bayard Taylor's poems, you will find the legend of her life and ministry.

—Eliza Bion (*Cincinnati*).—The fair Eliza wishes to know how she shall keep off a young gentleman who visits her constantly, but who, she hears, has no present intention of "popping." She fears to get the reputation of a flirt if he comes, and nothing comes of his coming. Eliza, the way is easy. If you love him, let him take his own time; if you don't love him, don't let him persecute you. If you can't prevent it, there is no help for you, and some day you will marry a man to get rid of him.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE DISSECTING-TABLE.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, the last of the "royal house," was always rather an eccentric person. You remember, said I to Ethelinda, who has become very blue since she finished her great work—you remember, ornament of your species, how she used to make rows with every one when she was the "divine Fanny;" how she put rather a strong novel by old Dumas into a still stronger play, and how she got angry because people said it was a bad play—one, like General Taylor's nomination, "not fit to be made." You remember how she agitated the nerves of our Athenian cousins by expressing the most bitter contempt for Boston—its Frog Pond, Common, State House; all its other curiosities, natural and unnatural. That contempt, suggested Ethelinda, may account for her giving so many readings there. Bless me! the dear girl is getting to be clever!

Well, Mrs. Kemble has done what seems to be the oddest thing of all. She has walked directly into the Bohemian domain, and taken the lecture-room of the Medical College in Fourteenth Street for her readings of Shakspeare. It is not a bad selection, by any means. Mrs. Kemble desires to have all her auditors within the sound of her voice and the glance of her eye, and she will have no one in a gallery over her head. She is thus enabled to fix the attention of all her audience; and it is a great deal better to send away a small number of people pleased than a large number disgusted. Mrs. Kemble does not get so much money as she would if she humbugged the people, but she has the satisfaction to know that she reads to an audience that can understand and appreciate her. It is truly gratifying to find in these latter days, when dramatic authorship is given over to charlatans whose highest aim it is to steal from the most depraved school of literature, and strut in the filth of borrowed robes—I say it is pleasant to find one person like Mrs. Kemble, who gives us the beauties of our own great poet in cadences as gentle as the murmurs of the running brook. No one can hear Mrs. Kemble without having a still higher admiration of the great master of the human heart whose works she so admirably illustrates. The Bohemien makes to her, and her "maid Marian," lineal descendant from she of Sherwood Forest, his most profound *salam*.

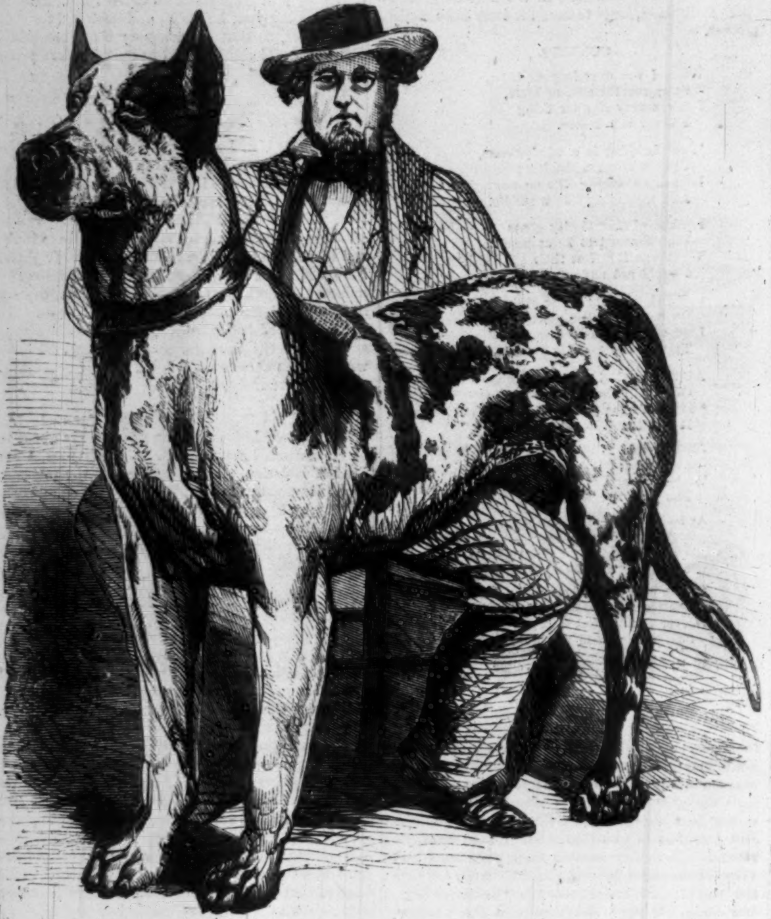
"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

Dr. Mackay, or his "lecture committee" (they are always doing something stupid), made precisely the mistake which Mrs. Kemble avoided. He has delivered three lectures upon the songs and ballads of Great Britain in the old Hall of the Academy of Design, which has been furbished up in a shabby-genteel way, by an enterprising grocer, for a ball-room. It very much resembles the hall of a country village, which is used on one night for a prayer meeting, next for a dance, next for a gathering of the friends of the colored man, next for the great lecturer all the way from the metropolis, and next for the concert of the Duchess de Fizzleini, *prima donna assoluta* of all the opera-houses on both sides of the Alps. In such a place you do not know exactly what to do; and I detected myself in the act of asking Ethelinda if she would favor me with her waist ribbon (she wears a blue one now) for a polka! However, Dr. Mackay has been heard with much pleasure by the best people in the city. If it be urged that he tells us nothing new, it can not be denied that he has put the old facts together in the most concise and elegant way, and gives them to us in the pleasantest and most graceful style.

I hope he will repeat the lectures at some place especially devoted to such matters; the Hall of the University or Hope Chapel would be about the thing.

BROADWAY—THE SHOPS.

Some heartless villain—some abandoned wretch—some miserable vagabond—will that do?—well,



THE GREAT AMERICAN DOG, "PRINCE."

some country editor, has started a paragraph reflecting upon the commercial standing of Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus (as little New York calls him). I burn with indignation at this attempt to ruin the old fellow's credit. The country editor says that the veteran has been obliged to suspend, contract his business, economize, and do a variety of other absurd things which are recommended to people by the papers nowadays. He says that our old friend has been obliged to sell off that sleigh with the "eight tiny reindeer;" that the stable of *Dasher*, and *Dancer*, and *Prancer*, and *Vixen*, and *Cupid*, and *Comet*, and *Donder*, and *Blitzen*, is empty, these animals having been knocked down at Bull's Head to the highest bidder; that his pack is empty and his pipe out. You may imagine the distress and panic in the infantile community occasioned by this rumor. Here is a house which has been doing business in this city for two centuries—always prompt, never expanding or overtrading, but serving generation after generation of little Knickerbockers as their fathers before them had been served. Why, Sir, the person who set on foot this story must be a fiend. I am able to contradict it to the fullest extent. Saint Nicholas is as sound as Florida oak. His cheeks are as rosy and his belly as round as ever. His business this year may not include so many expensive articles, but it will be as widely and generally diffused. His agents in the Broadway shops have already commenced unpacking his consignments. There is no end of pretty toys from Paris and Germany—drums, cannons, swords, trumpets, and pistols, for youths of a martial turn of mind—and what American youth is not?—rose balloons, dolls that do all that babies do, except poking their fingers into mamma's eyes; skates, and sledges, and magic lanterns, and stereoscopes, and cosmoramas, and villages, and ten-pins, and I really can not say how many more wonderful things. I can assure the little readers of *Harper* that Santa Claus is all right this year.

The Broadway shops don't please me. I don't suppose that will annoy the shopmen a great deal; but I have some advice to give them. You, Jones, who sell fancy goods, think you are just one of the smartest men of business "on top of the earth." I heard you tell Mrs. Jones so in a moment of exultation, after you had diddled one of your country customers out of a couple of hundred dollars. Pshaw! Jones, you're a fool, compared to a Paris tradesman! He is quite well aware that nobody wants to buy the pretty things he has to sell; but he knows, too, how tempting they are, and he knows that there are always plenty of people who have nothing to do but to walk about the streets, look in at the windows, and be tempted. So he puts all his best things in the windows, and arranges them in such a nice way that even sensible people—people like you and I, Jones—people with no nonsense about them, Jones—must stop and look at them. Of those that stop and look at least half go in the shop. Once inside, the shopman takes care that he sells something. I have spent half a day in looking in at the shop-windows from the Boulevart des Italiens, through the Rue de la Paix, down the Rue de Rivoli, and winding up among the glittering glories of the Palais Royal. It is in this way that people are bamboozled into buying heaps of things which they don't want, and which are of no earthly use to any body. Our Broadway shopkeepers are altogether too large for their business; but if they do not come down a little they will find their business too small for them. Now, Jones, go to work! Get Mrs. Jones to drop down at the store (I'll call it "store" to conciliate you) some evening, and arrange the windows; then make a grand advertising *coup* in the papers, and you will have something with which to pay those February notes without paying three per cent. per month for it.

BOHEMIEN.

REMARKABLE DOGS.

WE present to our readers this week portraits of two dogs, distinguished, one for his extraordinary size, and the other for a degree of sagacity almost incredible.

The dog has been, time out of mind, the friend of man, and the faithful and vigilant protector of his person and property. Numberless anecdotes bear witness to his memory of persons, places, and favors—his bravery, his fidelity, and his quick appreciation of the difficulties of a position, and more than instinctive power of subjecting circumstances to his purposes. A dog who acted as leader to a blind beggar in New Orleans remembered not only the route taken by his master through the different streets of the city, but also every house where contributions were given at regular intervals, on two or three days of the week. It was noticed by a lady, one of the beggar's patrons, that the dog brought his master to her house regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, stopping on no other day of the week; while on Tuesdays and Fridays, but on no other days, he was seen to stop at the next house. These were the days on which those patrons were accustomed to contribute to the necessities of the dog's master. What almanac did he consult to ascertain the day of the week?

A gentleman, living near a country town in Indiana, was lately called to town to see a sick relative. His dog, a large Newfoundland, accompanied him. On returning home, the master, anxious to receive daily accounts of his sick friend, wrote a note of inquiry, tied it about Boxer's neck, and told him what to do, pointing along the road in the direction of the house. Boxer, after a few moments of study, started off on his errand, and faithfully performed it. For a period of three weeks he made two daily calls at the house of sickness, and bore to his master the letters there given him.

A more singular instance of sagacity is told of a large mastiff in an English market-town. Rover had the misfortune to run a thorn into his foot. The matter was neglected by his master's family until the foot was largely swollen and extremely painful. The master returning from a journey just at this time took Rover to a surgeon, who extracted the thorn and bound up the foot, directing that he be brought back next morning for a further examination of the injured limb. This was done. But thereafter the dog went regularly every morning to the surgeon's office, scratched at the door till he was admitted, and then presented his foot for examination. Finally he was cured, and the surgeon, lifting up the foot, said, "Rover, your foot is well; you need come no more." This Rover, however, did not understand, but continued to come, evidently regarding the surgeon's words in the light of valuable professional advice. One morning, however, he declined to leave the office alone, taking hold of the surgeon's coat to induce him to come also. Following him to the door, the surgeon found there another lame dog which Rover had brought along, but which the servant, on admitting Rover, had shut out, not considering him a proper patient. The good-natured surgeon took the dog in, and performed what was necessary for a cure; the two dogs appearing every morning until the stranger was cured. But this was not the end of the matter. Rover brought to the surgeon's office every lame dog he found on the street, and as all were well treated, and none proved ungrateful, he shortly found himself, when on the street, the centre of an admiring and grateful concourse of dogs, who followed him wherever he went, and by barks and the wagging of their tails endeavored to show their gratitude to their benefactor—obtaining for him among the townspeople considerable notoriety, and the sobriquet of "Doctor Dogstar." But as Doctor Dogstar was in reality a skillful physician, that which was at first an annoyance attracted public attention to him, and ultimately aided in securing him success in his profession.

An affecting circumstance was recently related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat; his master as often pushed him back; till, overbalancing himself in the struggle, he himself fell overboard. Not being a swimmer he would have drowned, but that, as soon as his faithful dog saw him in the water, he left the side of the boat, and held his master up until assistance reached them from the shore.

The fierceness of the bull-dog was well illustrated by a horribly cruel experiment tried, for a wager, some years ago, in the north of England. A young man, confident in the ferocity of his dog, laid a wager that, at separate times, he would cut off the animal's feet, and that after every amputation it would attack a bull who was brought for the purpose. True to its natural ferocity, the dog, inattentive to the injury it had received, continued with equal eagerness to assault the bull, even after its four feet were cut off.

The terrier is known to be among the most sagacious of his tribe. There is a well-authenticated story of a small terrier which used, some years ago, before the days of Western railroads, to accompany its master, a country merchant, on his semi-annual trips to Cincinnati, from which his village was distant nearly 60 miles. The hotel where the merchant put up was guarded by a large and savage dog. Having occasion, on one of these visits, to pass over into Kentucky on a journey of some weeks, the merchant left his terrier in care of the landlord of the hotel. On his return he inquired for the dog, and was told that it had disappeared. The day after his departure the large house-dog had fallen upon the little terrier, and so injured it that it could scarce walk. After two days of careful nursing under the landlord's direction the terrier had strayed away no one knew whither. Eight days thereafter it returned to the hotel, accompanied by a very large dog, when the two forthwith fell upon the terrier's former enemy and gave him so unmerciful a drubbing that he was long unable to move. Thereupon the two again disappeared, and had not been seen since. On returning home, the terrier was almost the first to greet the merchant. On inquiry, he was told that the little animal had returned home, looking bruised and ill at ease, and that the following day he had again disappeared. At the same time a neighbor missed a very large Newfoundland, which he prized much. In a few days the two dogs had suddenly returned, and no one had thought farther of their absence. It was evident that the merchant's terrier had procured the neighbor's Newfoundland to aid him in getting his revenge.

Judge Haliburton tells a story showing that dogs are susceptible to the passion of jealousy. Going to George's Island, he took with him two dogs—a Newfoundland, and a small terrier called Tit. Tit, being a slender, clean, and dandyish dog, soon became a favorite among the Judge's friends, and was often admitted into the parlor, when the shaggy Newfoundland, wet and dirty, was excluded. The consequence was that Thunder became jealous, and refused to associate with Tit, punishing severely any attempt at familiarity on the part of the little favorite. As their master, however, would suffer no quarreling, Thunder contented himself, when in his company, with treating Tit with silent contempt. One day, having been on an excursion with the dogs, the Judge missed the terrier.

"Thunder was close at my heels," says he, "and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, 'Never mind that foolish dog; I am here, and that is enough—or is there any thing you want me to do?'

"Searching in vain for Tit, I happened to ask a sentry if he knew where he was.

"'Yes, Sir; he is buried in the beach.'

"'Buried in the beach!' said I, with great anger. 'Who dared to kill him? Tell me, Sir, immediately.'

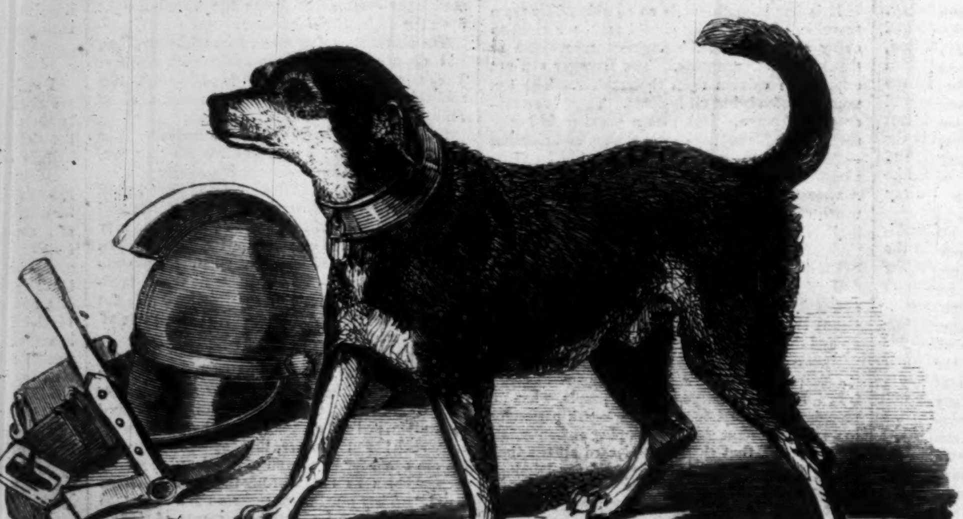
"'The large dog did it, Sir. He enticed him down to the shore by playing with him, pretending to crouch and then run after—sometimes retreating from and then chasing the small dog. When he got him near the beach he throttled him instantly, and then scratched a hole in the sand and buried him, covering him up with gravel. After that he went to the water, and with his paws washed his head and face, and then returned to the barracks.'

"On searching in the spot designated, Tit's dead body was found. Meantime Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, plunged into the harbor and swam across to the town, where he hid himself for several days, till he thought the matter was blown over, when he approached me with anxious face and cautious mien, evidently fearful of punishment."

A touching instance of tenacious memory in a large mastiff is within the knowledge of the writer of this. The dog had lost a master to whom he had been much attached. His master's portrait was hung in the parlor of one of his sons, into whose possession Watch also came; and the dog's favorite resting-place was on the parlor carpet, just below this portrait, which he evidently recognized, and looked up to with a touching affection. One day, many months after his master's decease, repairs being made, the portrait was taken down and placed upon the floor; and presently Watch was found standing close to it, fondly licking the face of the picture; and no inducements would persuade the faithful brute to relinquish his place, or permit the portrait to be touched by the workmen who had taken it down. He quitted his post only when ordered by the master of the house.

Dogs seem to find a peculiar and gratifying excitement in a fire-scene. There are numerous instances on record throughout the country, of dogs, generally powerful fellows, attaching themselves quite naturally to a fire company, and displaying, on occasions of conflagration, the greatest enthusiasm. In front of an engine-house in Brooklyn, Long Island, may be seen, inclosed in a glass case, the stuffed remains of a dog who was long a cherished member of the company, the first on the alert, and the most lively and good-tempered in times of trial and danger. One of the engine companies of Philadelphia had long a dog among their number. Rover's name was called at every roll-call, and Rover himself was always cared for, as his sterling qualities of vigilance, activity, and faithfulness deserved.

"Bill," whose portrait we here present, is a dog of many extraordinary adventures, and well deserves the collar which was presented to him a few weeks since by an admiring and appreciative assembly. He belongs to a "fire-escape man" in the east of London, and is not only first to discover a fire in his neighborhood, but also foremost in the advance to the rescue. Bill is a terrier, about six years old. He is generally the first to notice an alarm of fire, and imme-



"BILL," THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.

diately barks loudly for assistance, when the fire-escape is put in motion. If it be at night, Bill seizes a lantern in his mouth, and runs before to light the way. No sooner is the escape fixed against the burning building than a race commences between the dog and his master as to who shall get first to the top—the master going up the ladder, while the dog works his way up inside the canvas. No sooner is a window opened than in dashes Bill, examining the beds and every corner of the rooms for the inmates, and barking loudly for assistance if he finds any one. In this way the noble animal has actually aided his master in saving no less than seventy-two lives at various fires.

Bill's first essay in this department was unfortunate for him. The flooring gave way beneath him, and he fell through the flames into a cellar, where he was afterward discovered in a butt of water, which, though it prevented his being burned, was hot enough to scald off his coat. On another occasion Bill helped his master to save five persons from one house. One man was lost. Bill again fell through the floor, and, after the fire was extinguished, was found in the cellar *with the body*.

It is worthy of remark that Bill has never been forced into, or instructed in, his present business. It is his natural bent, and he uses his own best judgment in the various emergencies of his fireman's life.

Prince, the American dog, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, is yet too young to have adventures to boast of. He is remarkable for his great size and strength. Prince was born in Pennsylvania, and is but little over a year old, being thus far from fully developed. Yet he is now 37 inches in height, 7 feet 9 inches in length, 41 inches in girth of body, 25 inches about the neck, and 13 inches in girth of fore-leg, weighing over 200 pounds. Such is his strength that a man weighing 200 pounds may spring on his back without causing him to flinch. Prince has been lately shown to Queen Victoria by Mr. Francis Butler, of New York, his present proprietor. Mr. Butler asks for him, we understand, no less a sum than $1250.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

NO. XXIII.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

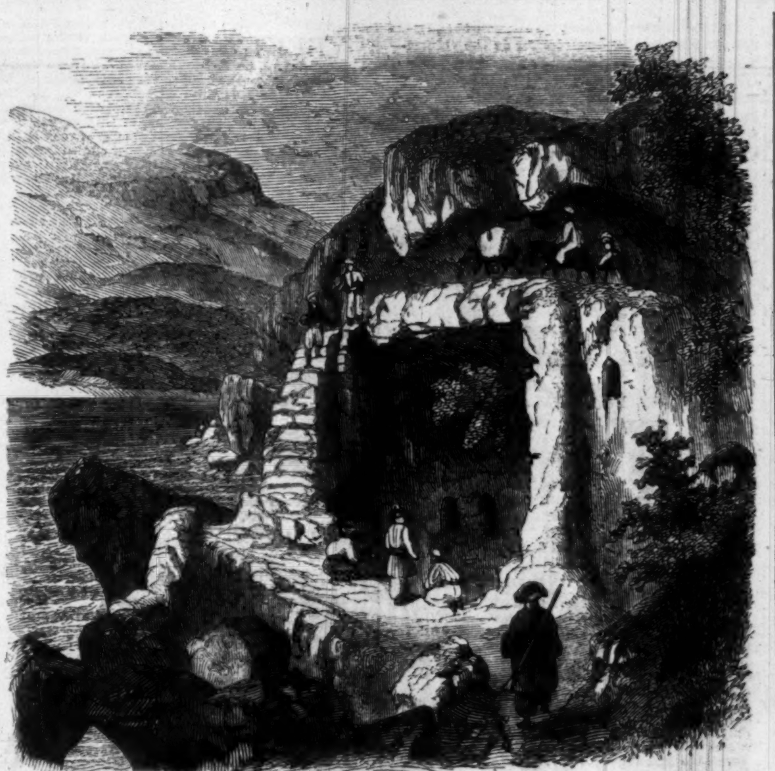
Tripoli to Beyrout, along the Coast.—The Path of Sesostris.—The Tomb of St. George.—Beyrout and Demetri's Hotel.—Missionaries and Missionary Life.—Getting to Sea.—John Steenburger plunges in.—The Steamer.—Mustapha and his Harem.—What we saw when they let the Mainsail go.

THREE melancholy days we were detained in Tripoli. Only the evenings were delicious, when we went up the valley of the Kadesha on our horses in the twilight, lounging along under the shadows of the old trees, and peopling the vistas with the forms of knights and gay ladies. For once this valley was magnificent with the splendor of European chivalry—this same valley that now echoes to the rude cries of Arab women, Maronite brawlers, Greek pugilists, and Smyrniote boatmen. It is seldom that a traveler reaches the place, and our visit has been a source of vast curiosity to the people.

On the third day we had intelligence that the steamer would be detained two days at Beyrout, and we therefore determined to go down there and join her rather than wait longer in the miserable inn at Tripoli. The journey along the sea-coast was memorable only for the traces of ancient grandeur here and there left in ruins. The armies of successive nations marched along this coast from the days of Sesostris even until very recent years. The great military road of the ancients remains in portions here and there, the most remarkable being at the Nahr el Kelb (Dog River), seven miles from Beyrout, where are numerous tablets on the rocks, bearing once the record of royal munificence and labor, but now mostly obliterated past legibility. Here Assyrian, Egyptian, Roman, and Greek emperors stand in rocky silence, their statues grown gray and worn with the storms of centuries that have swept over the Mediterranean.

I should not pass in silence the tomb of St. George—a strange cavern overhanging the sea, which the tradition saith is the burial-place of that doughty and saintly champion who slew the Dragon, and is, if the news we hear be correct, now busy slaying the seed of the Dragon in India. It is also said that his great feat was performed near this spot; but of the story or the tomb I could find no authentic account on which to found faith.

We started from Tripoli at daybreak in the morning, and were in the saddle all day, excepting one half hour for luncheon. We reached Beyrout at evening, weary, and well-nigh used up. As we approached the city, the general cultivation of the fields, the oxen swinging home before their plows, the dense groves of mulberry, the hedges surrounding the fields, these, and many other indications of advanced civilization, were as so many welcomes to us from home. We recognized the presence of European and Western influences. In fact, the whole Lebanon country feels the effect of the American Missions, and the day is long past when any one will dare deny the vast benefits arising to the inhabitants of Syria from missionary labors.



THE TOMB OF SAINT GEORGE.

A nobler band of men and women perhaps the world does not contain than are these Syrian missionaries of the American Board. Some travelers have imagined their lives luxurious, their days sunshiny, careless, and delicious. To a thoughtless passer-by, indeed, missionary life in the East seems to be a life of inglorious ease. But I confess to you that when I saw them, day after day, patiently passing their lives among the vilest of mankind, laboring in that hardest of tasks the teaching of uncultivated intellects—when I saw them lift their weary eyes to the westward going sun, and look with unutterable love on the great orb that was going there, in the glory of a golden morning, over the Western homes which they might hope to see only long years hence, if God spare their lives from Syrian fever and the other ills that flesh inherits—when I compared their lives, dull, dreary, laborious lives in prison—for an Eden may be a prison—compared them with myself and my life, free to go eastward, westward, home to-morrow if I would—I tell you I believed that to be a missionary was no light self-sacrifice. As to the good they are doing, let the inhabitants of Beyrout and Lebanon bear witness. Their praise is every where.

I was disappointed, however, in failing to meet here one of this noble band of men, to whom I was indebted for kindness when I visited Sidon some time ago. I had hoped to meet the Rev. Mr. Thomson of Saida, one of the oldest and ablest of the corps; but my disappointment was less when I learned that he was gone to America, where, I trust, you will see him. And, by-the-way, I am told he intends publishing a book on the Holy Land, which, from his long residence here, his sterling ability, his keen observation, and his thorough knowledge of the country, the Bible, and the languages of ancient and modern Palestine, will, I think, claim position in advance of all others on the subject. Let me hope that you will be publishers of Mr. Thomson's work.

We found quarters at Demetri's Hotel, on the sea-shore southwest of the city. The hotel is built on the very rocks, and the spray flew up to the windows of our rooms. It was grand, and I assure you a plunge into that sea was a luxury worth coming to Beyrout for, if you couldn't have it elsewhere.

Two days more, and we were told the steamer was ready to depart for the North; so we sent the horses and the baggage on board, and next morning got ready to embark. Demetri told me that he usually had a boat come to the rocks for any passengers from his house, but the sea was too heavy, and we went down into the city to effect an embarkation. It was a funny business. The short seas rolled in to the landing-place, and the boat was raised and dropped ten feet at every plunge.

Sir John came puffing and blowing from a last fight with slipper-dealers in the bazar; for every one who visits Beyrout must buy a stock of embroidered slippers made on Mount Lebanon, which is the specialty of the place. The worthy Englishman arrived in time to witness what had been nearly a catastrophe. Steenburger had taken charge of Miss Kate, and was helping her into the boat. The sea lifted it to the lady's foot, so that, had she stepped quick, she would have made a successful thing of it; but she kept one foot on land, and the other being on the edge of the boat, as the sea retired, down went the boat, and down went the lady.

John was in the boat, and she crushed him. Confidentially, Miss Grandison weighs from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and forty. Not heavy for a finely-formed lady, but somewhat of a lift for a modest man like John, who had not the courage to take her manfully in his arms as he ought. He tried to break her fall, and so broke his back; for, as he staggered, she fell completely on him, and as I sprang into the boat, full twelve feet down from the quay, I saw the last of his toes as he went over backward, head first, into the boiling sea.

A hundred Arab voices yelled at once. John's loss was nothing to a basket of Saida oranges, a couple of bushels or so, that he carried with him. This the Arabs prized more than they did the American, and for these they made a vigorous struggle, as the yellow balls danced here and there over the frothy surface of the sea.

"Sit down, you black scoundrels!" I shouted to half a dozen Nubians who leaned over the side of the boat to pick up the oranges, till she dipped in the sea, and I enforced my order with a swinging blow of a horse-whip on the brawny backs of the row.

They sank into the bottom, and I now had time to help John, who was hanging with his chin over the gunwale, the picture of horror, as we plunged up and down.

It was all over in thirty seconds. Steenburger scrambled in, and we paid for the oranges and pushed off, rolling and pitching out of the slight bend of the bay which is called a harbor, and at last reaching the steamer, which seemed to be making a vigorous effort to shake her smoke-stack out of her.

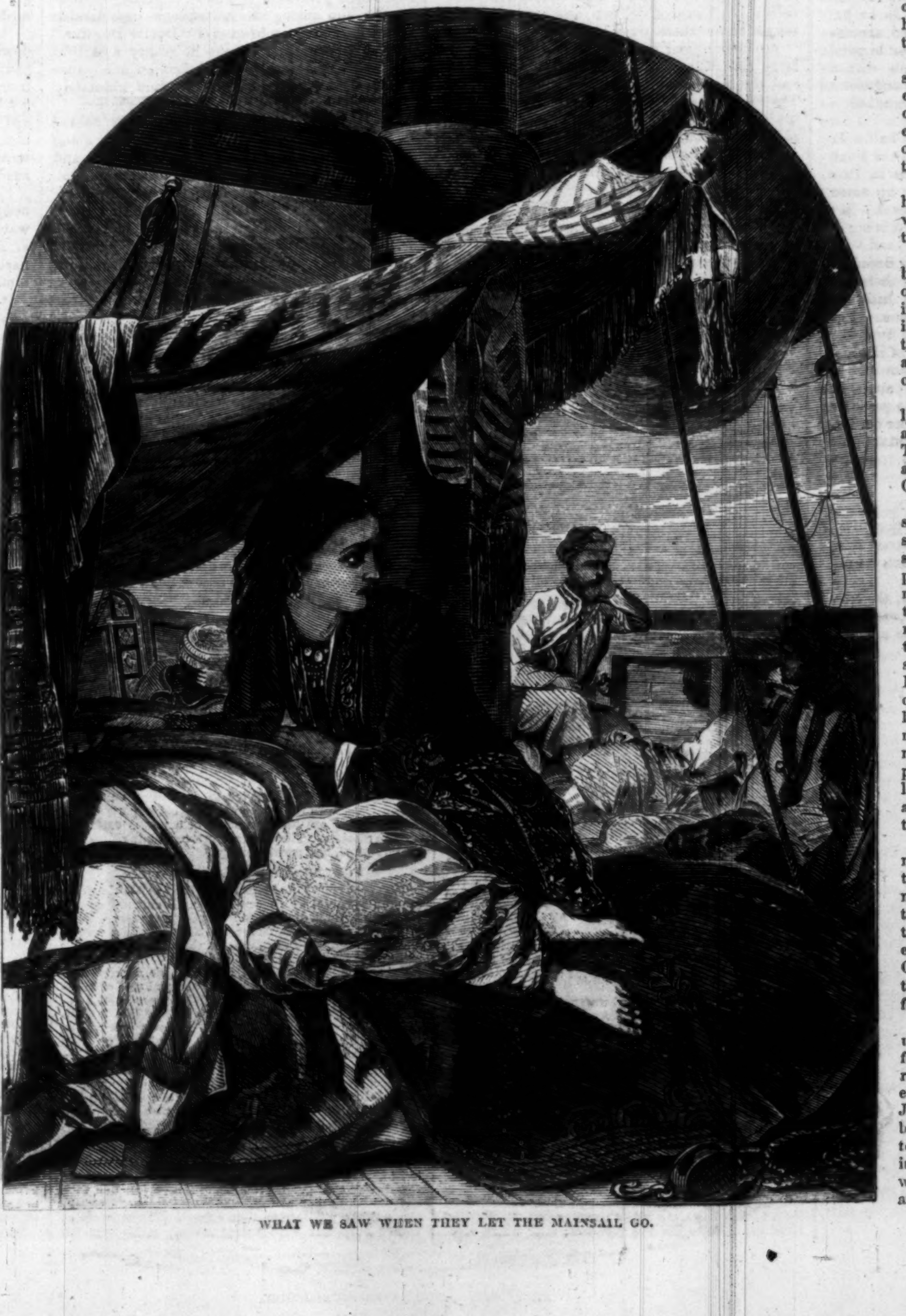
Once on board, we were comparatively at ease. The cabins were small, close, and dirty, but fair for a French steamer. There was a piano in the ladies' saloon, and no lady passenger there but Miss Grandison, so that we were not excluded.

The one half of the quarter-deck of the ship, usually occupied by third-class passengers, was closely curtained, and we soon learned that we had for a fellow-passenger Mustapha Hamil Pasha, a most noble Turk, with his harem and entire establishment. I always had a way of making friends with these Turkish dignitaries. I think my taste in tobacco has something to do with it. But still more I incline to attribute it to a serious way of flattering them, which is not readily learned. The Oriental style of complimenting is always mere bagatelle. One may talk himself hoarse in that way and produce no effect. But there is a way of looking into a man's face and saying, in a convincing way, that he is fit to be sultan, which carries every thing before it.

I cultivated Mustapha the first afternoon, and by sunset we were smoking the tenth chibouk, and I was telling him how much good he might effect if he would go to New York and enlighten the infidels there with the light of his wisdom and experience, especially on the question of Olive oil. The Olive-oil question, by-the-by, is worth discussing, if I had time for it.

Miss Grandison, meantime, had gone under the curtain, and loud chattering from those parts was evidence of the curiosity she excited. She told us of the exceeding beauty of one of the ladies, and John, having heretofore successfully stumbled into sundry forbidden rooms, began to suggest ways in which he might fall into the harem of Mustapha; for John was by this time in a dry suit of clothes, and in his usual good condition.

A lucky accident did the business. As



WHAT WE SAW WHEN THEY LET THE MAINSAIL GO.

evening came down the wind lulled and the sea became calm. The mountains of Lebanon, holy mountains that look down on Holy Land, gleamed in the rays of the setting sun, and stood up proudly in the sky as conscious guardians of the sacred countries.

We stood, all four of us, looking toward Tripoli, which we were now approaching. I don't know how these Frenchmen manage their ropes, nor what rope it was that was under the canvas covering of the Turk's arrangement on deck; I only know that when the mainsail was let go and came down by the run, some halliard or other rope that was jammed among the coverings of the harem, hoisted them on the side toward us, and we turned in time to see as lovely a picture as heart of man could desire to look on.

Ah, she was magnificent, that dark-eyed girl, as a dream of Diana of old!

LITERARY.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, Including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the West Coast, thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean. *By David Livingstone, LL.D.*, etc., etc. With Portrait, Maps, and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A more modest book, for one of such importance and value, has never appeared. The character of an amiable and somewhat diffident man shines throughout it. This is the first idea which strikes the reader, who finds on the opening page an apology for the egotism displayed in a brief personal history, which the friends of the author insisted on.

Certainly no apology was necessary. We have here a man who emerges from the obscurity of a remote missionary life, to be suddenly the most notorious traveler in the world; and his account of his journeys is looked for with more interest and expectation than has marked the publication of any work during the last half century. At its first public offer in London, Mr. Murray disposes of twenty thousand copies, an unprecedented number, and one circulating library alone takes fifteen hundred copies to supply the demand that will be made on its shelves by readers who can not afford to purchase.

The autobiography discloses an humble origin and a self-education. The author was a factory-boy, son of an humble peasant, who read and studied with books lying on the machinery at which he toiled. A few pages suffice to recount his early struggles, and how he came to be sent to South Africa as a missionary, and then the reader suddenly plunges with him into the wilds of that country, now for the first time opened to the knowledge of the world.

In our present notice we shall not attempt to follow Dr. Livingstone in his travels, or to give the reader any outline of his route. We propose to do no more than state some of the characteristics of the book, that our readers may know what they have to anticipate in its reading.

Adventure and incident form the entire staple of the book. Description and discussion are but the occasional episodes. The volume contains the history of a few eventful years in a country never before explored, and whose wonders are no less interesting than the travel-incidents of the explorer.

The first portion of the volume is devoted to events in the missionary life of the Doctor occurring between 1840 and 1852. Among these, the discovery of Lake Ngami is perhaps most interesting. These, however, are but introductory to the great body of the work, which consists of the history of those remarkable journeyings from 1852 to 1857, when the enterprising missionary explored the depths of Ethiopia, and wandered, year after year, among strangers to his language and color, so that he nearly forgot the sound of English in his total disuse of it, and experienced those remarkable adventures by flood and field which have made his name already so widely celebrated.

No one can read the work without perfect confidence in the veracity of the writer. When he relates an occurrence, or describes a wonder, it is done in a manner that impresses the reader with a conviction of its truth. On this account it is to be regretted that the intelligent Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* had not read the book before writing of it. He is the only person who has ventured to intimate any want of confidence in Dr. Livingstone's statements, and his remarks are perhaps to be attributed to his natural religious prejudices against a distinguished Protestant missionary.

The modesty of which we have already spoken characterizes all these accounts, and gives a charm to every one of them. Lovers of the chase would have gloried in grandiloquent sketches of hunting-scenes which the Doctor narrates so quietly and without ostentation.

The book is full of excitement. The whole life of the traveler for three years was excitement. It has the thrilling interest of a romance as it progresses, and the reader forgets that he is reading of Africa, and imagines a new world opening before him, peopled with strange races, through which an adventurous knight is forcing his way.

There is a freshness in the account of Dr. Livingstone's travels that gives them peculiar zest. He is not a hackneyed traveler or writer of books. Hence he does not attempt to select subjects or incidents which he thinks will attract. But as the new world he was penetrating opened its wonders and its mysteries to him, so he, frankly and without study, reflects them to the eyes of his readers.

We have said nothing of the illustrations with which the book abounds. They are spirited and valuable as companions of the volume, showing some of the most startling developments of nature. The maps are, of course, contributions to geographical knowledge which can not be too highly estimated.

In conclusion—for the space allowed our present notice is too brief to dwell longer on the volume—we commend Dr. Livingstone's Travels to all lovers of adventure in wild countries, all admirers of courageous exploration, to those who are interested in the wonderful discoveries of hitherto unknown rivers like the rivers of our own West, and waterfalls second only to Niagara in grandeur, and to each and every one who would read the narrative of an earnest, active, and devoted missionary, who, seeking new nations to whom the Word of God might be carried, has found a new world, to become the conquest of civilization, art, and religion, when England and America, the reformers of the world, shall choose to enter on the field which Dr. Livingstone has opened to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.

Congress met on Monday, 7th instant, and organized by the election of Colonel Orr, of South Carolina, Speaker, and James C. Allen, Clerk. The President's Message was sent in on Tuesday; it is analyzed elsewhere.

TREASURY REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury contains the following figures:

The Government spent this last fiscal year ending June 30, 1857		$70,822,722
On the Civil List	$27,531,922	
Interior Department	5,358,274	
War Department	19,261,774	
Navy Department	12,726,856	
Public Debt	5,943,896	$70,822,722
The budget of expenditure for the current fiscal year, to end June 30, 1858, is made		$74,963,058
Actual first quarter	$23,714,528	
Estimates three quarters	51,248,530	
		$74,963,058
The balance in the Treasury at the beginning of the year, July 1, was		$17,710,114
Revenue to 30th September		20,929,819
Estimated to 30th June		36,750,000
Total		$75,389,933

But as the revenue has already declined seven and a half millions in two months at this port alone, the Secretary, foreseeing a large deficit, proposes an issue of Treasury notes to the amount of $20,000,000. Referring to the revulsion, he ascribes it to the inflation of paper credits, and suggests a compulsory bankrupt law to be applied to banks and railway companies. He passes a high encomium upon the independent Treasury system, and recommends its adoption by the several States. The amount of United States debt outstanding is $25,160,164.

REPORT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary of War reports the numerical force of the nineteen regiments composing the United States army as follows:

On paper	17,984 men.
Effective	15,764 men.

He considers this force inadequate to perform the duties required of the army, and suggests to Congress that five new regiments should be raised. He enumerates among the services of the army during the past year the campaign in Florida, the presence of two regiments in Kansas, and the expedition against Utah. The latter movement he explains at length. He recommends an abandonment of the present rules concerning staff appointments, brevet rank, and promotion by seniority; and suggests that staff officers shall form a separate corps, that promotion up to the rank of captain shall proceed by seniority, save in extraordinary cases; but that above that rank it shall be granted by selection. He recommends a retreat for disabled officers, a national foundry, and regimental dépôts. He prefers the El Paso route for the military road to the Pacific. He informs Congress that the system of national defenses is rapidly approaching completion.

REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary of the Navy tells us where our national vessels are; to wit, six vessels, under Captain Paulding, constituting the Home squadron; five on the Pacific station, late commanded by Captain Mervine, now by Captain John C. Long; three in the Mediterranean, under Captain Breese; three on the Brazil station, under Captain French Forrest; three on the coast of Africa, under Captain Conover; five on the Chinese station, under Captain Tattnal, who relieves Captain Armstrong, etc., etc. Other details, of no interest save to persons in the navy, are given in the report. The cost of supporting the national navy during the past year was $12,632,696; this year the appropriation demanded is $14,616,298. He recommends the construction of ten new war steamers of light draught, to cost $2,300,000.

REPORT OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary informs us that the Post-office movement of the year was as follows:

Post-offices at beginning of year		26,127
New ones established	1725	
Old—abolished	704	
Addition		1,021
Total number at present		27,148

The total annual transportation of mails was 74,906,067 miles, at a cost of $6,622,046. The relative cost of the several modes of conveyance was as follows:

By railroad	10.5 cents	per mile.
By steamer	22	ditto.
By stage-coach	7.4	ditto.
The receipts of the Department were		$7,353,951
Expenditures		11,508,057
Deficit		$4,154,094

The estimated deficit for the ensuing year is only $1,439,173.

The Postmaster recommends the system of Post-office money orders, and sub-offices in the large cities. He enters at length into the subject of the contracts for the transportation of the mails across the continent and on the several ocean routes.

REPORTS OF THE INTERIOR AND LAND DEPARTMENTS.

During the past year the number of acres of public land sold has been	5,300,550
Located with military warrants	7,381,010
Granted to railways	5,116,000
	17,797,560
The total amount of United States lands was in the origin	1,450,000,000
Sold	363,862,464
Lands undisposed of	1,086,137,536

The number of Indians within the Territories is set down at 325,000 souls; a change in the policy of Government toward them, so as to avoid the expense of wars, is proposed.

During the past year 41,483 warrants for bounty land to the heirs of soldiers, or soldiers themselves, have been issued by the Department. The number of warrants issued from the Revolutionary War to the present time is 547,250, requiring 60,704,942 acres of land.

The number of patents issued during the year has been 2066.

The remainder of these reports, and the report of the Indian Department, contain but little that is of general interest.

CONGRESS.

The Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States met at Washington on Monday, 7th December. In the absence of the Vice-President, the Secretary called the Senate to order. Fifty Senators answered to their names. Mr. Bright, of Indiana, the oldest member present, administered the oath to the new Senators; after which Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was chosen President *pro tem.* After an executive session, during which George W. Bowman was confirmed as Superintendent of Public Printing, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Colonel Orr, of South Carolina, was elected Speaker; the vote stood, Orr, 128; Grow (Republican), 84. Mr. Orr was sworn in by Mr. Giddings, and returned thanks for the honor done him. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, was then elected Clerk, receiving the same number of votes as Mr. Orr did for Speaker; Mr. Glosbrenner elected Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Hackney Doorkeeper. Mr. Cluskey was declared Postmaster, by resolution. Mr. Florence gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the entire suppression of all bank-notes as currency, or of bank-notes of a less denomination than $100 as a circulating medium, in the District of Columbia.

On Tuesday, 8th, the President's Message was read in the Senate, after which Senator Douglas expressed his intention to join issue with the President on that part of the Message which referred to the Lecompton Constitution. Some conversation followed, in which Senators Stuart, Hale, Seward, and Trumbull, took part on the side of Senator Douglas, and Senators Davis, Bigler, and Mason on that of the Administration.——In the House nothing was done. The Message was read, and there was some desultory conversation on the election of a printer.

On Wednesday, 9th, Senator Mason offered a resolution, which was debated and passed, inviting the clergymen of the District of Columbia to officiate gratuitously as chaplains to the Senate. Senator Douglas then delivered a long and able speech assailing the Lecompton Constitution, and declaring that the people of Kansas were not free, under it, to regulate their domestic institutions. Senator Bigler replied, and a smart passage at arms followed between the two Senators.——In the House, Mr. Steadman, of Ohio, was elected printer; the vote stood, Steadman 121, Weston 89.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, Mr. Douglas gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill, at an early day, to enable the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union.——In the House, the Speaker appointed the committee authorized on Wednesday, to examine into the subject of the public printing, and report reforms necessary. The Speaker was authorized to appoint the Standing Committees, and in order to afford him an opportunity to do so the House adjourned until Monday. The Senate also adjourned until Monday.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

On 1st December, Secretary Stanton, acting-Governor of Kansas, issued a proclamation convening the new Legislature of Kansas on 7th December. As soon as this fact was known at Washington, the President removed Secretary Stanton, and appointed General Denver, superintendent of Indian affairs, in his stead. General Denver's nomination was sent into the Senate on 10th inst. Senator Douglas led off with a speech in opposition to the confirmation, and was followed by Seward, Hale, Trumbull, and Dolittle; while on the Democratic side the action of the administration was sustained by Slidell, Mason, Benjamin, Bigler, and others. After an animated debate of two hours and a half a vote was taken, and he was confirmed by a vote of twenty-nine to nineteen, the Republicans all voting against and the Democrats for confirmation, with the exception of Douglas, who paired off with Reid of North Carolina. General Denver, it is believed, was actually in Kansas at the time of his appointment. Governor Walker has left New York for Kansas. On 2d inst., a large meeting of Free State men was held at Lawrence, at which it was resolved to resist the Lecompton Constitution to the death: Secretary Stanton was thanked by the convention for calling the Legislature. Governor Walker's nomination has not yet been sent in to the Senate.

THE TREASURY EMBARRASSMENT.

On Saturday last, the Secretary of the Treasury sent for Mr. Hunter, the Chairman of the Committee on Finance of the Senate, urging Congressional action immediately authorizing the issue of Treasury Notes. The Secretary wanted Congress to take action on the matter as early as Monday, but in consequence of the arrangement made to announce the death of the late Senator Butler, of South Carolina, on that day, it was agreed the Senate should not act till Tuesday, when it was understood the Finance Committee would report a bill for the relief of the Treasury.

ORGANIZATION OF COMMITTEES.

The Washington correspondents give the following as the arrangements made for the organization of the Standing Committees. In the Senate, Senator Mason, of Virginia, is to continue as the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; Senator Douglas, of Illinois, as the Chairman of the Committee on Territories; Senator Hunter, of Virginia, as the Chairman of the Committee on Finance; Senator Stuart, of Michigan, as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands; Senator Bayard, of Delaware, as Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary; Senator Brown, of Mississippi, as Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia; and Senator Yulee, of Florida, as Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices. In the House, J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, will be Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations; Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia (if he will accept it), Chairman of the Committee on Territories.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Colonel Richardson has been appointed Governor of Nebraska.—General Bowman, of the Bedford (Pennsylvania) *Gazette*, has been nominated and confirmed as Superintendent of Public Printing.—Thomas J. Semmes has been appointed United States Attorney for the district of New Orleans. His predecessor was removed on the ground that he did not use sufficient vigilance to prevent the escape of General Walker and party from that port.—Hon. Nathan Clifford's appointment to supply the vacancy in the Supreme Court bench has not yet been definitely acted upon by the Senate.—Theodore Sedgwick has been appointed District Attorney for New York, vice M'Keon, removed.

THE CAPITOL EXTENSION.

A newspaper correspondent says: "The Capitol extension, on which it is said a million of dollars has been wasted, and on which it is likely much more will be wasted, begins to attract attention and create discussion. I hope soon to have it in my power to inform your readers fully upon this important work. I visited the new Hall of Representatives on Saturday, for the first time. Instead of the chaste and simple grandeur which I expected to see, characteristic of the dignity of Congress and this great republic, I found a mass of gilding and tinsel hardly equal to Taylor's saloon, on Broadway; and then for the art displayed in a painting on one of the panels, and in the fresco work in other parts of the building, they are hardly worthy of a people emerging from barbarism. They are a disgrace to our enlightened, advanced, and great country."

GOVERNOR WISE'S MESSAGES.

Governor Henry A. Wise transmitted to the Legislature of Virginia, which convened at Richmond on the 7th instant, three distinct and lengthy messages. No. 1 treats of the trade, commerce, and finances of the several States, the condition of the banks, the currency, etc., and in these respects is as much a document for the whole country as it is for the Old Dominion. No. 2 enters into the subject of the usury laws and the legal rate of interest, together with the causes which have produced a decline in the price of Virginia State bonds. No. 3 is divided into a variety of subjects. The Governor explains why he did not appoint a day for thanksgiving, presents the affairs of the public works, gives the condition of the treasury, opens the armories to take a view of the defenses of the State, deplores the inefficiency of the militia, looks into the lunatic asylums and public buildings, renews his recommendation to put a tax on oysters, and closes with a reference to "our federal relations."

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Dispatches have been received from Colonel Johnston to 3d ultimo. It is not his intention to enter Salt Lake City before spring. He intends to form a junction with Colonel Alexander at the mouth of Fontenelle Creek, about thirty miles from that officer's present camp at Ham's Fork, and not far from seventy miles from his own camp at the South Pass. He will winter at Henry's Fork on Green River, where he hopes that Colonel Cook's command, with whom is Governor Cumming, will join him. Colonel Johnston thinks his force barely adequate to the protection of supply-trains, and predicts that the contest will be a protracted one unless large reinforcements be sent him. He declares that under no circumstances will he make a retrograde movement.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The Associated Banks of the City of New York unanimously resolved on Friday night to resume payments in specie on all their obligations on the following day. The determination was not generally known in advance, but the price of gold being only one-quarter to one-half of one per cent. premium, the full restoration of the specie standard has made little alteration in the exchange. American coin is brought down to par. The discount on the country circulation of this State and New England will be the same as before. The Boston banks having agreed to follow the movement here, all the banks (except those of Rhode Island) in New England, and all in the State of New York, will at once be restored to the position they occupied sixty days ago.

PERSONAL.

Governor Walker left this city on Thursday for Washington.

Colonel William Turnbull, of the United States Topographical Engineers, was found dead in his bed at a hotel at Wilmington, on 10th inst. He had died of disease of the heart.

Hon. R. M. Hunter, of Virginia, was, on 10th instant, re-elected to the United States Senate for six years, from the 4th of March, 1859, by a nearly unanimous vote.

In connection with the rumor from Washington that Belmont is to be the successor of Mr. Dodge at the Spanish Court, it is well to state that Mr. Belmont has just purchased a furnished residence in this city in the Fifth Avenue, adjoining Dr. Alexander's church, for $125,000. It was formerly the property of Mr. Gihon, a merchant of this city. It is Mr. Belmont's intention to occupy the house during the winter.

Peter Parker, late Minister to China, arrived home in the steamship *Baltic*.

Dr. Stone, the sculptor, has finished the nude figure of his statue of John Hancock, ordered by Congress, and is now "draping it," having the actual habiliments of the illustrious Boston merchant to model from. The statue is about seven feet high, and represents the first President of Congress when, after the Declaration had been signed, he urged a unity of action, saying: "We must all hang together!" It was then that Franklin added, *sotto voce*, "or be hung together."

Miss Hester Burgess sued N. F. Wood, in Kanawha County, Virginia, last week, for damages for breach of promise. It was proved in evidence that the young lady was a flirt, and the jury accordingly awarded her one cent damages!

Among the Americans who, with their families, were stopping at Florence on the 12th ultimo, were Senator Hamilton Fish, William B. Astor, John C. Cruger, of New York city, Hon. W. W. Boardman, Joseph E. Sheffield, of New Haven, James C. Kennedy, of Albany, and Jared Sparks, late President of Harvard College.

The noted "border-ruffian," James H. Stringfellow, has left Kansas, and is about to return to Virginia, which is said to be his native State.

The correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives the following account of our New York artists:

"Good judges of our last years' Exhibition thought a little oil painting, by Richard M. Staigg, of Newport, Rhode Island, called 'The Exile,' one of the best things in the collection. It is perfectly simple in conception—the head of a middle-aged man, evidently European; the attitude and expression natural, but melancholy. It is a type of the more intelligent and thoughtful class of political refugees, who find a temporary but congenial home among us. This theme is admirably executed; the tone of color is like one of the old masters. It is a head which Allston (Staigg's first teacher) would have contemplated with pleasure and praise. This artist has a very eligible *studio* opposite the Mercantile Library. Among his recent miniatures are two of exquisite truth and finish—one of a fair widow—'None name her but to praise;' and the other of a beautiful married lady—the charm and light of society, whether in a graceful yacht, freighted with genius and beauty, cruising off the shores of Rhode Island on a summer day, or around the delighted fireside circle in the city, when winter rules the year.

"Gray has just completed a highly-finished cabinet picture of Venus—the flesh-tints are superb; Shattuck has been sketching to much purpose among the Virginia Alleghanies; the Historical Society's Art Gallery is visited and admired daily; Kensett has nearly finished a beautiful landscape representing the region in the immediate vicinity of the Lakes of Killarney; our good veteran painter, Durand, has met with a severe domestic affliction; Powers's statue of Webster ought to reach Boston soon; it was considered an eminent success in Florence."

Benedict Arnold's silver watch has been presented to the Connecticut Historical Society.

The Savannah *Georgian* says of the fugitive who lately claimed the attention of the City Court of Brooklyn: "Jim, while in Savannah, put up as a free-and-easy gentleman at a first-class hotel, swore at the 'lazy niggers' that would not wait on him, spent his money like a lord, and dressed in the last *mode de Paris*, and always chose the highest folks to converse with. He was valued at sixteen hundred dollars, and has a wife in the North. He used to be engaged in a coffee-house in Charleston."

Colonel John Kries Paige, an officer of the United States army in the year 1812, Clerk of the Supreme Court of this State in the year 1823, and a former Mayor of Albany, died at Schenectady on 10th inst.

B. Gratz Brown, editor of *The St. Louis Democrat*, and one of the pluckiest and most wide-awake editors in the United States, has been presented with a magnificent gold watch by the mechanics and manufacturers of St. Louis.

General William F. Packer, Governor-elect of Pennsylvania, while out hunting, about thirty miles north of Williamsport, ruptured a blood-vessel, or strained himself in some way, which caused a hemorrhage of the lungs, and for a few days his danger was considered imminent; but we are happy to learn that he is now out of danger and able to be out of doors, and receiving the congratulations of his numerous friends at the success enjoyed during the hunt, in the course of which the General shot a fine buck.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* says that Senator Sumner's nervous condition could not endure the excitement of listening to Douglas; he was obliged to leave the Hall immediately after the commencement of his speech.

The Senate of Kentucky, by a strict party vote, has tabled a resolution to elect a United State Senator in place of Hon. John B. Thompson on Tuesday next. This action will constitutionally postpone the election to the next Legislature.

The contemplated marriage of Lola Montes, Countess of Landsfeldt, has been already announced, though the name of the bridegroom has not yet transpired. It is stated that he is the Prince Solkowski, who is blessed with the following array of titles: Prince of Bielitz, Count of Reissen, Count of Schonmi, Count of Kobelin and Count of Léssa. His estates, which are very large, are situated in Austrian Silesia. He has been residing, however, for several years, in the northern part of this State, on a farm which he purchased and still owns. He is about forty years of age. There have been no reasons assigned for his erratic course in becoming a New York farmer. It is stated that when married he will return at once to Austria.

E. S. Bartholomew, the Hartford sculptor, left this country by the *Africa* for Italy, with several thousand dollars' worth of commissions in his pocket. He has just completed the clay models of the family group ordered by Colonel Sam Colt, which have been put in plaster preparatory to shipment to Rome. The group consists of the busts of Colonel Colt and Mrs. Colt, a statue of their little child, and a bust of Miss Hetty Jarvis.

The report that Russell, the famous Crimean correspondent of the London *Times*, has been sent to India is unfounded. He has a year's leave of absence from the *Times*, which he devotes to lecturing. We have reason to believe that, upon suitable provocation, he would not object to visiting the United States upon a lecturing tour.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed David

Wilmot, late Republican candidate for Governor President Judge of the thirteenth Judicial District of that State, which position Mr. Wilmot resigned in August last, and to which Governor Pollock appointed the Hon. Darius Bullock. Dr. Wilmot's commission will bear date the 7th of December, and extends for one year.

Mr. Wiggins, a wealthy merchant of Boston, having been ejected from a city railroad car for refusing to pay his fare, proposes to commence a suit against the Company, alleging that he was not provided with a seat, and contending that it has no right to demand pay while not furnishing accommodations. The fare demanded was five cents. Mr. Wiggins is said to be a man of great tenacity of purpose.

Max Maretzek, who is now conducting the opera, narrowly escaped being imprisoned in Havana. It seems that the rules and regulations of the theatre provided for a certain number of seats to be kept for sale every evening of performance, but Max had disposed of them all to subscribers. The authorities brought a suit against him, and he was condemned to pay a fine of $500, and to go to prison besides. The matter was compromised, however, by Maretzek giving an extra night every week, independent of subscriptions.

The *Africa* sailed last week for Liverpool, with sixty-four passengers, among whom were Sir Allan McNab and family, of Canada, and Richard B. Kimball, of this city, and several English gentlemen homeward bound.

There have been so many rumors about "eminent banking houses in London," and it is so (apparently) agreeable to many persons to predict the worst, that we can not help alluding to a remittance from the American banking-house of George Peabody & Co., in London, to a Boston merchant, of about $30,000, at five days' sight, by the last steamer, which remittance was the balance of his account, and entirely unexpected and never solicited, and would have been drawn for in the usual manner by the merchant here, if the London house had not surprised him by this remittance.

The Bridgeport *Farmer* is informed that General Tom Thumb, who is now in France, is dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

Dr. Mackay has been quietly making himself acquainted with our common schools, by visiting the male and female grammar-schools.

NEW COAT OF ARMS IN ALABAMA.

The following is a description of the new coat of arms of the State of Alabama, reported by the joint committee of the two Houses on State seal: "The genius of the confederacy, standing, holds the national banner; with her right hand she takes the left of the genius of Alabama, represented by a virgin seated on a cotton bale, who, while she gives her right hand to the Union, points with her other to the star of Alabama, on the flag with the motto, 'Younger, but equal.' On the left of these figures a ship in full sail, indicative of the importance of commerce and direct trade with our own sea-ports."

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

A new secret political party was organized in Boston last July, we are informed, and now has some two thousand members enrolled in its councils. They are called "Heart-in-Hand Clubs," and have branches in nearly every ward in the city. To enter the door of the "Heart-in-Hand Club," the member gives three raps; the wicket is then opened, and the outer guard says: "Who goes there?" then the password is given, "'Tis well," with a number of the ticket which the member has in his possession, to be handed to the inner guard, and announced aloud in the hall. On entering, he salutes the chief presiding officer in the chair, with his right hand near the heart, and takes his seat. The "Heart-in-Hand Clubs" have no initiation fees, and nothing to pay on being admitted to membership. A voluntary contribution is taken up weekly, to pay expenses of the hall, etc. New members can be admitted by a two-thirds vote of the club, after being proposed by three of the members in good standing, and placed on the records for one week. "Our name is our motto" is their rallying cry.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

A pleasant réunion took place December 10, at the house of William F. Mott, an old and highly esteemed merchant of this city. It was on the celebration of their Golden Wedding, being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. There were none present but near relatives of three generations, and the occasion was one of much interest. Mr. Mott and lady are members of the Society of Friends, and are well known to all old New Yorkers, especially to those residing on the east side of the city.

A CURIOUS MARE'S NEST.

Mr. George Dexter, of Saratoga, is the keeper of a livery-stable at that place. In the centre of the stable is a trap or door, which is two feet in width either way. The "opening" communicates with the cellar, which is some six or seven feet deep. On Friday last a fine gray mare was missed from the stable. None of the doors leading to the stable had been opened, and it was for a few moments a matter for conjecture as to where the animal was. It was observed that the trap-door, like the witches' caldron, had sunk. But the cause of it was not dreamed of until the missing animal neighed, when it was found that she was in the cellar, having fallen through the aperture, which, as we said before, was but two feet square! Strange as it may appear, the animal was not injured in the least; not even a hair taken off. It was found necessary to tear up the flooring to get her out.

A SAMSON IN SHACKLES.

A prisoner in the Greene County Jail, Wisconsin, by the name of Sam Witham, has been amusing himself and astonishing the jailor with his feats of strength. Unaided by a single instrument, he broke a set of the strongest patent handcuffs, rent the shackles from his feet, tore off several locks from the door of his cell, broke a large iron door which served as an additional fastening, and passing out into the hall of the jail, exercised himself in the satisfactory mysteries of a pigeon-wing! A night or two since he concluded to give another entertainment, which consisted in breaking two of the heavy iron bars of the grates of his cell-door, but his performance being unseasonably checked by the entrance of his keeper, he retired from the scene in evident confusion.

A HORSE MADE FURIOUS BY BLOOD.

A lad about thirteen years of age, named George Hawthorn, son of Thomas Hawthorn of South Caanan, Connecticut, had his thigh broken on Friday evening, 27th ult., in a somewhat singular manner. It appears that Mr. Hawthorn had been butchering that day, and that the boy, in assisting him, had got considerable blood upon his clothes. He entered the stable to water and feed a span of work or team horses, but while in the act of unhitching one of them the horse smelt the blood upon his clothes, and immediately became frantic, furiously attacked the boy, threw him down and pawed him with his fore feet back and kicked him, breaking his thigh about half-way above the knee, after which the boy crawled under the manger out of reach of the horse, which broke loose and rushed out of the stable in a perfect frenzied state. The boy called loudly for help, when several men came to his rescue, and drove the horse from his position near the stable door, so that they were able to carry the boy from his perilous and painful position, and found him very badly bruised in various parts of the body, as well as with his thigh broken. Drs. Gillett and Welch were called to dress his wound, and he is now as comfortable as could be expected; the wonder is that the horse did not kill him outright.

A STAGE ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

The bears having monopolized much attention lately in Maine, the wolves claim notice. One night, lately, as Mr. Mitchell was driving a mail mud-wagon on the back Calais route from Beddington to the next stopping-place, twenty miles from this city, being without passengers, his team was beset by a pack of wolves. They were about a dozen in number, and came on fierce and noisy. Mitchell, however, drove up smart, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the horses were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him and glared their eye-balls and gnashed their teeth about him, he let go the contents of a rifle, which laid out one of the hungry crew, and for the time checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping-place, upon arriving at which the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on the back route, and very audacious.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MONEY MARKET.

THERE is a marked improvement in the aspect of the Money market, and both at the Bank of England and at the discount houses the pressure for accommodation has considerably subsided. A steady flow of bullion to the bank has counteracted the adverse influence caused by the failures reported daily, and the successes in India have also tended to strengthen the market. It is understood that the issues of the bank have returned to a point within the prescribed limits of the Charter Act of 1844. Owing to the repayments now falling due and stated to be extremely large, it is believed that the weekly statements are henceforth likely to show considerable improvement. The arrivals of gold have been very moderate, and the exports on a much more extensive scale.

THE QUEEN OF HINDOSTAN.

The following passage from the *Times* seals the doom of the "Merchant Princes" in their capacity as rulers of India: "The double Government, which is the type of obstruction and circumlocution, has had its day, and must now give way to something better suited to the present time and to actual wants. We are happy to say that as soon as Parliament meets for the dispatch of general business the total abolition of the Company's Government will be proposed by Ministers. India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament, with such a machinery of administration as shall be thought conducive to its welfare. The greatest dependency of the empire will receive the benefits of direct Parliamentary supervision and direct Ministerial responsibility. Under such a system we can not doubt that the nation which has conquered and reconquered India will soon urge it onward with new force in the path of improvement."

THE SIAMESE EMBASSADORS.

The Embassadors from the King of Siam have been presented to the Queen, and have tendered her the presents sent her by their master. Phya Muntri Suriywangse, one of the representatives of the First or Major King of Siam, bore autograph letters from the two Kings, written in gold. The presents from the two Kings of Siam to her Majesty the Queen were arranged on either side of the room. They comprised an Eastern crown of gold and enamel, enriched with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; a gold collar, thickly studded with rubies; a large star; a massive ring, set with diamonds and a variety of precious stones; a golden belt, enriched with rubies; a chair of state or throne; a rare and valuable white shell, having a number of jewels inserted; a cup and saucer of agate; a state palanquin; a state saddle and bridle; a number of umbrellas, covered with gold embroidery; boxes and cups of solid gold; silver salvers, with gilt embossed edges; a metal drum; and a variety of other articles of rarity and curious workmanship, together with a painting of the Court of the two Kings of Siam.

PRINCE ALFRED COMING OUT.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred (destined, at no very distant day it is presumed, to become Lord High Admiral of England) has been sojourning at Alverstoke, in Hampshire. An establishment named Alver Bank, a small but ample mansion, has been engaged, and in it the sailor prince has for some little time past been domesticated. He has an ample retinue of servants, and a talented staff of attendants, among whom are Lieutenant Cowell, of the Royal Engineers, who was his highness's companion and guide during his continental tour; Dr. Minter, surgeon; and the Rev. W. Jolly, as naval and general instructor. His little princeship gives dinner parties, and may be frequently seen "cutting" about the port.

A DINNER IN A FUNNEL.

Mr. Soyer writes to the English papers to say: "After visiting the *Great Eastern* a few days ago, I made a calculation that in one funnel I could dine one hundred persons; therefore in the five funnels, five hundred guests; also one thousand in the paddles (or models of the same), making a total of fifteen hundred persons who could dine in this novel and monster banquet, which might, with the consent of the directors, take place on the deck a short period after the launch, to carry out which I should be most happy to devote my services gratuitously for the furtherance of such a scheme, the proceeds to be applied to some naval institution."

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

The following incident is related by a correspondent of an English paper: "On a cold, thick, foggy day last week my bailiff and a neighbor, walking home from market on the old turnpike-road, overtook a lady-like, well-dressed young woman, quite alone, silently traveling the same way. They passed on, but observed that the forlorn one kept a few paces behind them. They continued for about two miles walking on, but without speaking to the stranger. At length the neighbor came to his residence, and left his friend, who walked on toward his farm. It appeared extraordinary to see a young lady some miles from a town, on a lonely road, in a dense fog, at seven o'clock in the evening, in November; and out of kindness he asked her where she was going. The poor thing answered, 'I do not know.' 'Why, where did you come from?' 'Oh, from ——.' 'What! so far off as that?' 'Yes, I have been walking all day, and have had nothing to eat. Oh, I am very unhappy!' At this time they had arrived at my lodge; the bailiff feeling the impropriety of leaving a beautiful and lady-like young creature in her exposed condition, and knowing there was a spare bed there, called to the housekeeper and explained the case, when the good Samaritan at once took the wanderer in, made tea for her, prepared her a bed, and treated her like her own child. It soon became known in the house, and other supervision was instituted, and an arrangement made that in the morning two poor, but respectable, women should accompany the young woman to her home, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. They did so, and on arriving at the mansion of the young lady's parents, after a four hours' walk, a piece of dry bread and cheese and one shilling to each woman was sent from the drawing-room. The coachman had been riding about all night, in different directions, in search of the young lady; the footman had been all over the village, the whole neighborhood uneasy and anxious, and the restoration of the lost sheep was valued at two shillings, as a reward for two poor women walking nearly thirty miles, and in the most affectionate manner taking care of an interesting fellow-creature, who might, but for that kindness, have been lost."

FRANCE.

STATE OF TRADE AT PARIS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* speaks thus of the state of trade at Paris:

"Trade and manufactures, which indeed had been languishing since the month of July, do not appear to be particularly affected by the crisis which has produced such ruinous results elsewhere. The cause I have alluded to already; the manufacturers generally limited their operations, and were extremely cautious in their dealings, and this lucky timidity will probably prove the cause of comparative safety. They have not their warehouses overstocked with goods not yet paid for; they have no formidable engagements to meet, and they may, without the fear of ruin, wait for better times. This state of things is said to be general, but it is not, I believe, universal. There are exceptions; some who have been more enterprising or less prudent than their fellows, will be driven to great sacrifices in order to provide against demands which are inevitable. Several of the latter have already sold their produce at a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent., while their neighbors, who had no heavy engagements to meet, are resolved to struggle on, and keep their stock on hand, rather than make such abatements. The last accounts published by the Bank of France show that the demand for money is not as urgent among the commercial classes in Paris as elsewhere, the commercial bills presented for discount showing a considerable decline; still the feeling is one of decided uneasiness, and every one inquires how long will the present state of things last.

TREASURE FOUND IN AN OLD HOUSE.

A few evenings since there was discovered in an old house in the Rue des Carmes, belonging to the city of Paris, a considerable amount of treasure. A bricklayer having been sent for to repair a chimney, found himself obliged, in order to get at his work, to move an old bureau, which had not been used for a long while. Happening to open it, he found at the bottom nine bags of money. Some of the bags contained seven, and others eight thousand livres in crown pieces, of six livres each. They were all coins of Louis XVI., and dated 1791. All the bags were tied up with string and sealed. Two of them were directed to the Bishop of Glaudève, and four to M. Ducros, vicar of Saint Jaques du Haut-Pas. Both these persons being dead, the money will be divided, according to law, between the owner of the house (which here is the city of Paris) and the workman who found it. The occupying tenant is not entitled to any part of it. This discovery has occasioned great sensation in the neighborhood, and people have been busy all this morning searching cellars, old furniture, and all sorts of holes and corners, in the vague hope of finding more treasure.

YET ANOTHER SKELETON.

It was stated some short time back, that as a laboring man was a few days ago making an excavation in the court-yard of the Vicomte de Pibrac, at St. Ay, near Orleans, he found a human skeleton, the head of which was separated from the trunk, and placed on the breast. On medical examination the skeleton was declared to be that of a female aged between fifteen and twenty, and to have been buried between sixty and seventy years. The garden belonged from 1741 to 1846 to a family named Poupardin, who then sold it to M. de Pibrac; but there is no tradition in the village of any young girl having mysteriously disappeared. The magistrates of Orleans have decided that it is not necessary to institute any investigation respecting the affair.

LEANNESS OR DEATH.

A tailor, of the Faubourg St. Denis, some time ago became extraordinarily fat, and from the jokes made on him by his friends he became afraid that he should die by apoplexy. This fear created after a while such a profound impression on him that he was completely absorbed by it, and he spent all his time in studying medical books which treated of apoplexy. At length, strange to say, the dread of dying suddenly so affected his mind that he resolved to commit suicide, and accordingly he cut his throat with a razor, but as that did not cause immediate death, he flung himself from the window of his room on the fourth story, and was killed on the spot.

RUSSIA.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

"The financial crisis which now weighs upon Europe," says the St. Petersburgh correspondent of the *Nord*, "has had a disastrous influence on Russia. Gold has become extremely scarce. For notes of 100 roubles the discount office gives only five roubles in specie, and yet it is beset every day with crowds of persons who wish to get gold for their paper. On the 14th of November the half-imperial, the value of which in ordinary times is 5 roubles 15 copecs, was quoted at the Bourse at 5 roubles 56 copecs. The bankers are charging 15 per cent. for discounts."

DEAD MEN'S BONES.

Divers have examined the Russian ship *Lefort*, which had foundered in the Gulf of Finland, with 1400 men on board. According to a narrative in a Danish paper, the divers found 1100 corpses in the interior of the vessel, so that 300 must have been on deck when the frightful accident happened. The corpses were mostly found embracing each other, or clinging to the portions of the cabins; decomposition had already set in. The livid faces of the corpses, with their eyes open and fixed, look all the more frightful as the glass in the diving bell and the diving helmets is so constructed as to magnify, and consequently to distort the objects examined through it. Attempts to raise the vessel will not be made before next year.

ITALY.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT A THEATRE.

A writer from Europe gives the following description of the scene at Leghorn, where, in an agony of causeless alarm, one hundred men, of a crowd, were trampled to death, and five hundred wounded: "The house was crowded. The play 'The Taking of Sebastopol.' The first acts went off well; battery after battery exploded, and the thrilling spectacle made the theatre ring with applause. All eyes were turned to see them take the Malakoff. At last it was stormed. The soldiers rushed in, then the explosion, amidst the wildest cheers. At that moment a spark caught the scenes, they blazed, the audience thought it a part of the play and cheered the louder, the scene was so natural. Alas! it was too perfect. Another moment they saw their mistake; a wild cry of misery drowned the applause. Higher and higher it rose, maddening the spectators with fright. Five minutes more and the fire was extinguished; but the spectators, like a herd of buffaloes, like a panic-stricken army, like a flock of sheep before wolves, like passengers from a sinking ship, losing all thought but of self-preservation, rushed from their seats. The shrieks of women, the shrill cry of children, the hoarse voices of men, all struggling for life, presented a scene not describable. Some threw themselves from the boxes into the pit, killing themselves, and crushing those beneath them. No judgment, no forethought; out of the windows, over the lodges, stamping each other to death. The sentinels were ordered to stop the passage with bayonets. They planted, and those in the front ranks were run through and through, and the soldiers, with the rest, were mutilated with the feet of hundreds."

INDIA.

LATEST NEWS OF THE MUTINY.

Havelock is in the Residency of Lucknow with 1500 men—1000 more, with sick and wounded, are at Alumbar, distant three miles. Communication between the two difficult. The enemy is said to be in great force, and strong in artillery. A convoy of provisions from Cawnpore arrived at Lucknow, shortly after its relief, escorted by 250 men, who, it is said, got in unmolested, in consequence of the Sepoys being busily engaged in intrenching themselves. Reinforcements being sent up with all speed from Calcutta. Detachments, amounting in all to 1200 Europeans, were to have left Cawnpore for Lucknow on the 16th of October. The garrison at the latter place could easily force their way out, but General Havelock does not wish to expose the women and children to further danger. Nena Sahib is said to be near Bithoor again. Nothing was known at Calcutta of his reported capture by the Bellooch battalion. The King of Delhi is to be tried by a military commission. Two more of his sons have been taken and shot. General Havelock was reinforced by her Majesty's 53d and 93d Regiments about the 24th October. By the 30th Colonel Greathed would raise General Havelock's army to 7000 men.

MOVEMENTS OF GREATHED'S COLUMN.

Colonel Greathed's column, consisting of her Majesty's 8th Foot, 9th Lancers, two troops of Horse Artillery, one line 4th Field Battery, 5 twelve-inch mortars, two companies of Punjab Sappers, 2d and 4th Punjab Infantry, 125 detachments of Punjab Cavalry, and 200 Hodson's Horse, about 3000 in all, in pursuit of Delhi fugitives, fell in with the enemy at Bolundshuhur, and, after two hours' fighting, routed them with heavy loss of men, two guns, and ammunition. The British loss was 50 killed and wounded. Malagurh was afterward taken and blown up. Fought them again successfully at Allyghur on the 5th, when 400 of the enemy were cut up and two guns taken. The column reached Agra on the 14th. The enemy made a sudden and unexpected attack on cantonments, but were repulsed, utterly dispersed, and pursuit continued up to the Kharee. Great number killed—1000; all the guns (43), plunder, camp equipage, and 5 lacs of treasure captured, with little loss on the British side.

THE PALACE DURING THE SACK OF DELHI.

An officer thus describes what he saw in the famous palace of the great Mogul:

"Immediately on receiving news of the evacuation, I started for the palace. You can have no conception of the scene of confusion—Riflemen, Ghoorkas, Sikhs, and Punjabees quarreling over their plunder; and such plunder to quarrel about! Old counterpanes, dirty blankets, tin and copper pots and pans, Sepoys' red coats, baskets, papers, packets of tinsel, bottles of rose-water and otto of roses lying here, there, and every where, and the whole place in a state of squalor and wretchedness passing all description. On turning into the gardens in front of Douglas's stables, I found myself alone. I can not tell you what a scene of desolation presented itself to my eyes. The garden had been an encamping ground of the Sepoys, and every thing bore witness to its having been deserted in hot haste. The tents were still standing, but it seemed as if everybody had taken his armful out of the boxes, and, without caring for what might drop, had made the best of his way out of the place. The stillness, too, after the noise and riot that I had just quitted, was really appalling, and I stood at the foot of the stairs stupefied, as if with a heated atmosphere, and unable to move. I was roused by hearing three cheers from the apartments above me. . . . . We have captured the King, his two sons, and grandson. The three last (among whom was Mirza Mogul Bey) were most deservedly shot before they were brought into the city, where their bodies were exposed in the Chandee Choke." We give an excellent picture of this celebrated street elsewhere.

FRENCH ACCOUNTS FROM OUDE.

The Paris *Pays* professes to be able to give the following as a correct account of the state of affairs in Oude at the date of the latest news: "The English are not masters of the town of Lucknow, but only of the citadel, about two kilometres distant. This fortress has been revictualed by General Outram, who succeeded, after a murderous struggle, in putting himself in communication with the besieged. He is now shut up within the walls of the place. General Havelock, who commands the second column, is encamped outside the citadel, on an eminence called Mount Hamak. He is held in check by the insurgent army, twenty thousand strong, which is master of the town of Lucknow. In this very serious situation the English find themselves opposed to a vastly superior force, which intercepts their communications with Cawnpore, the base of their operations."

THE WRITING ON THE WALLS AT CAWNPORE.

"A correspondent of the *Hurkaru*, writing from Cawnpore, says, that in more than one place on the walls of the chambers in which the English ladies and children were confined previous to their murder, is scratched, 'Remember us!' 'Revenge us!' A correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette* writes from Cawnpore, on the 23d September, that the men of the force had sworn to take deep revenge on the mutineers whenever and wherever they fell in with them, the oath having been drawn from them by the horrible sights with which they were greeted on entering the intrenched position held by Wheeler and his little band. He continues; 'We have already slain numbers of the monsters, and, with the blessing of God, will yet slay them in thousands.'"

THE PLUNDER OF DELHI.

A private letter from Delhi, dated September 27, says: "For a description of the riches of Delhi my pen is inadequate. Cashmere shawls inlaid with gold, bodies covered with gold lace, skirts of dresses, watches, bars of gold, beds of silk and down, such as no nobleman's house in England could produce, you would see Sikhs carrying out of Delhi, the first day, as if they were almost nothing. A shawl which in England would fetch £100, they were selling for four rupees, and you may depend our fellows were not behind them. * * * It is supposed the Rifles will go to England with upward of £1000 each, though General Wilson has issued an order that the prizes shall be all put together and divided. Most of our men are worth upward of 100 rupees."

THE CAPTURE OF THE PRINCES.

A letter of a young officer to his friends in England, dated Dugshaie—a place about forty miles from Delhi—20th September last, says: "A few days ago Captain Hodgson (of ours) went out and captured the King, and brought him in a prisoner. He is at present confined in his own place. A few days later he went out again, and came up with the King's sons and grandson. He had only 100 native horsemen of his own regiment with him, and the enemy about 10,000, 3000 of whom were fully-armed Sepoys. Hodgson saw it was of no use attacking them, so he sent an emissary to tell the princes that the game was up with them, and that they had better surrender, which they did after some time, and came up to Hodgson, who immediately surrounded the carriage with his men. He sent for their arms, and, after hesitating some time, these also were given up, with seven elephants, and lots of stores. On reaching the jail, Hodgson ordered the princes out of the vehicle; they, imagining all was not right for themselves, began (native-like) to talk, and say they hoped there might be an inquiry into their conduct. Hodgson said, 'Cheeproks' (be quiet), and ordered them to take off all their fine clothes. When this was done, he said, 'Now get in again,' and ordered the driver to proceed. He then beckoned to one of his men, and asked for a carbine, and, with his own hand, shot each and all of the three princes. He then took their bodies into the city, and laid them out for inspection in front of the Kotasallie, where these wretches had laid out their victims during the massacre. There are lacs upon lacs of treasure and prize-money in the city, and if the city itself was put up for ransom it would fetch upward of fifty lacs."

CHINA.

ANOTHER BRITISH SUBJECT MURDERED.

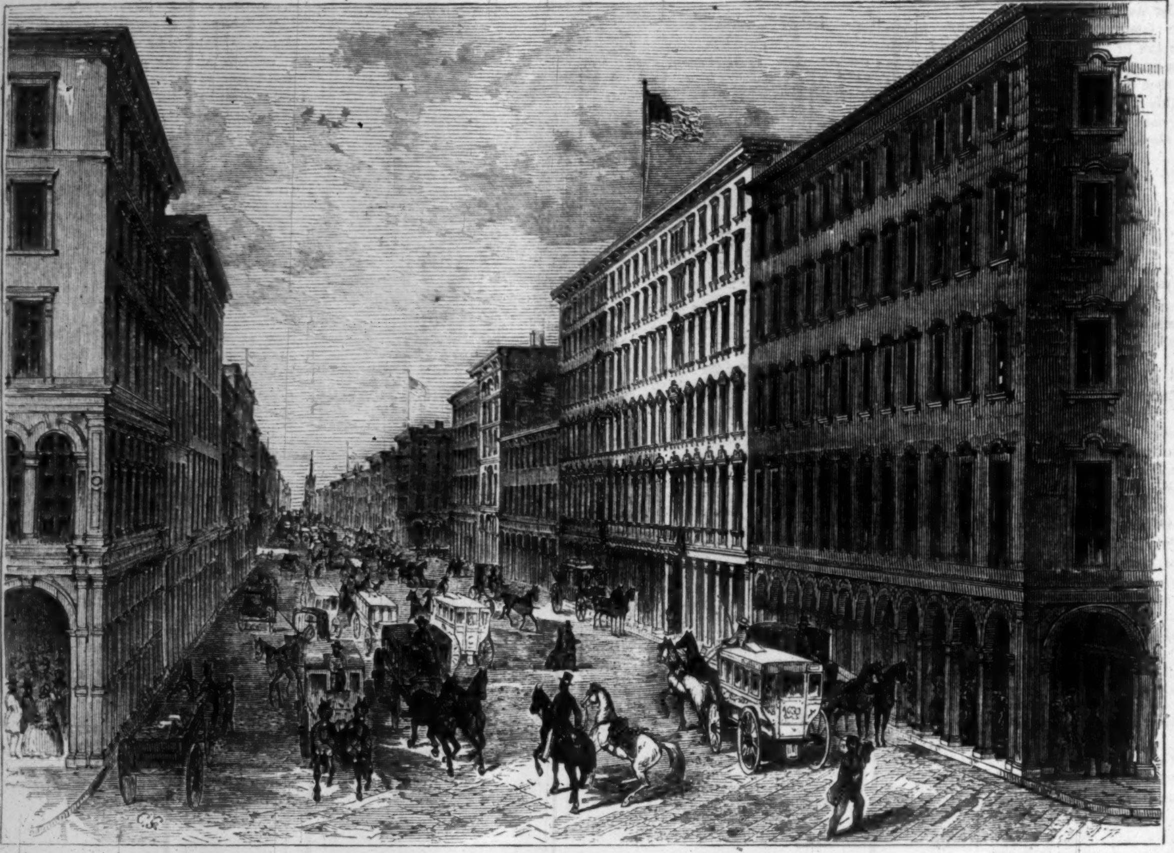
The Hong Kong correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows: "The case of Tobin, the man who went up the country to collect 'convoy money,' or, in plain English, to rob with violence, is an embarrassment. The man is dead, and the circumstances are, it appears, worse than when they were first reported. When he had, either in anger or by mischance, shot one of his Chinese comrades, the villagers seized him, and lashed his arms and legs to a bamboo pole passed up his back. The poor wretch's torments must have been fearful. He could not lie, he could not sit; the thongs were eating through his flesh, and his wounds were festering in the sun. A little boiled rice was daily put into his mouth, and that was all. Six days he endured this. On the seventh he was taken to Dr. Parker's hospital, his wrists, and legs, and back all covered with sloughing sores. He had been tortured to death, and he died. Now, this is the most important fact that has occurred since the late war. The affair of the *Arrow* is as nothing compared with it. It is the murder of a British subject. There is no reason to regret that this wretched ruffian has ceased to live; but we must recollect that he was tortured to death not because he was a robber, but because one of his own fellow-ruffians was slain. The conduct of the villagers was in direct contravention of the treaty, and the precedent, if allowed, will apply to any Englishman who may accidentally violate Chinese law while in pursuit of peaceful avocations."

NICARAGUA.

LANDING OF GENERAL WALKER.

General Walker, who, it will be recollected, took his departure from Mobile Bay on the 13th ult., in the steamship *Fashion*, landed at Punta Arenas, in Nicaragua, on the 25th November, with one hundred and fifty men. Not the slightest attempt was made to prevent the landing, and in fact the purpose of the expedition appeared to have not even been guessed. The United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga* was lying in the harbor, and the *Fashion* passed under her stern at full speed, with only ten men on deck. The whole party were landed at Scott's wharf. General Walker had, it seems, sent fifty men up the river by other entrances, before making his appearance at Punta Arenas. After landing the expedition the *Fashion* took her departure for Aspinwall, where, at the departure of the *Star of the West*, she was taking coal on board. Commodore Paulding, of the United States frigate *Wabash*, attempted to seize her at Aspinwall, but, on examining her papers, found them correct, and consequently could take no further steps against her. The British and American naval forces had sailed from Aspinwall for San Juan, and would very probably take part in the scenes in that vicinity, or at least prevent the landing of any more fillibusters.

HOW TO RELIEVE BROADWAY.



BROADWAY WIDENED BY THE ARCADE PLAN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

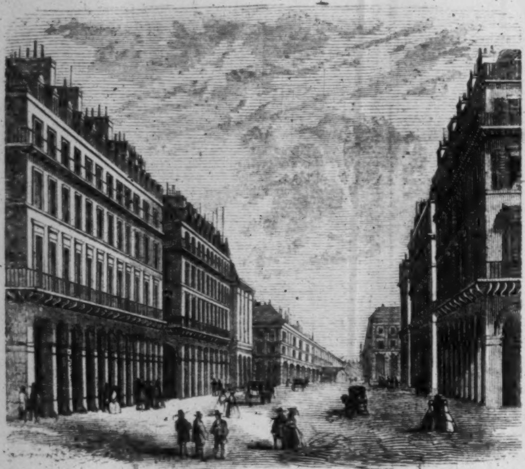
AWARE of your desire to promote the "greatest good of the greatest number," and of your perseverance and candor in advocating useful measures, I beg leave to present to your consideration, and through your columns to your intelligent readers, a proposition for the solving of that riddle, "The relief of Broadway." My motive being for the public good alone, it is unnecessary that my name appear in connection with this suggestion, which should stand or fall simply on its own merit.

Having examined with care the propositions for giving more room to vehicles in the great thoroughfare of your city; that of Mr. Willis for an elevated railway; that of the Hon. Mayor Wood for the removal of front projections and excrescences; and the later theory of a side-street parallel with Broadway, extending from Union Square to the Battery, and having estimated, as nearly as possible, the cost of each, as well as their adaptation to the end in view—I have thought upon another plan, which, with diffidence, I now submit to the Mayor, corporation, and citizens of New York.

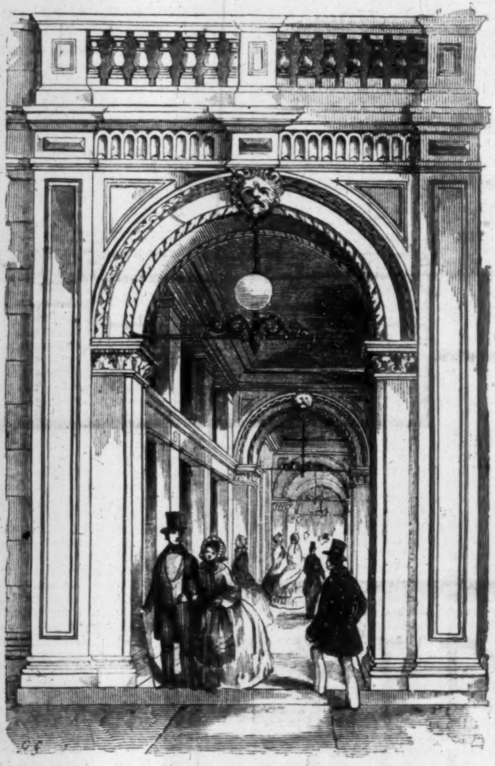
I propose, then, that Broadway be widened in the following manner:

First, I would remove the sidewalks completely and altogether, and turn into carriage-way every foot of ground the side-walks do now cover. Their average width is thirteen feet on each side of Broadway. This would make the street twenty-six feet wider, that is (an omnibus being six feet wide), give room for nearly four more omnibuses or carriages abreast, which would be equivalent to the width of the proposed parallel street with its sidewalks.

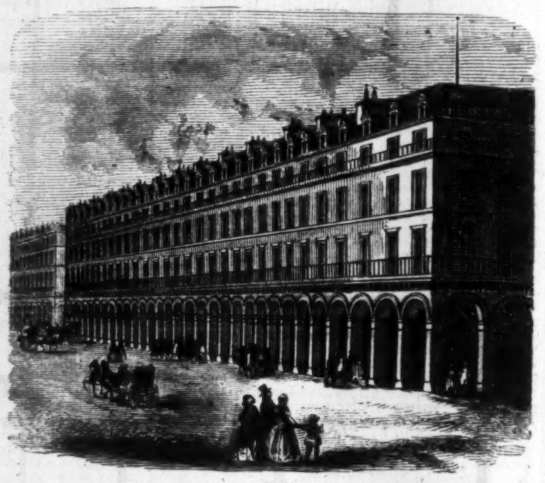
Secondly, I would substitute for the sidewalks thus turned into street an arcade, twelve feet wide, perforating the blocks of every square. (See the diagram.) This arcade would be constructed by *tunneling* the north and south ends of every block, leaving the *fronts* still supported as they now are on the edge of the street, where they are of marble or stone, or costly; while for the plain brick fronts might be substituted iron columns, so that the persons walking within the arcade could have not only air enough, but a view of the street with its throng of carriages. This arcade might be arched up to the first floors overhead uniformly, or irregularly, as the height of second floors in the different buildings varied.



RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.



THE ARCADE—END VIEW.

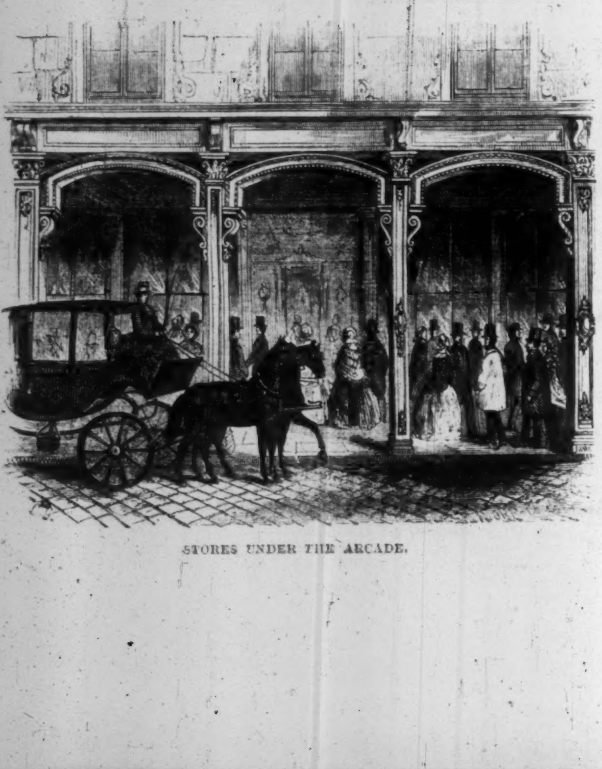


RUE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS.

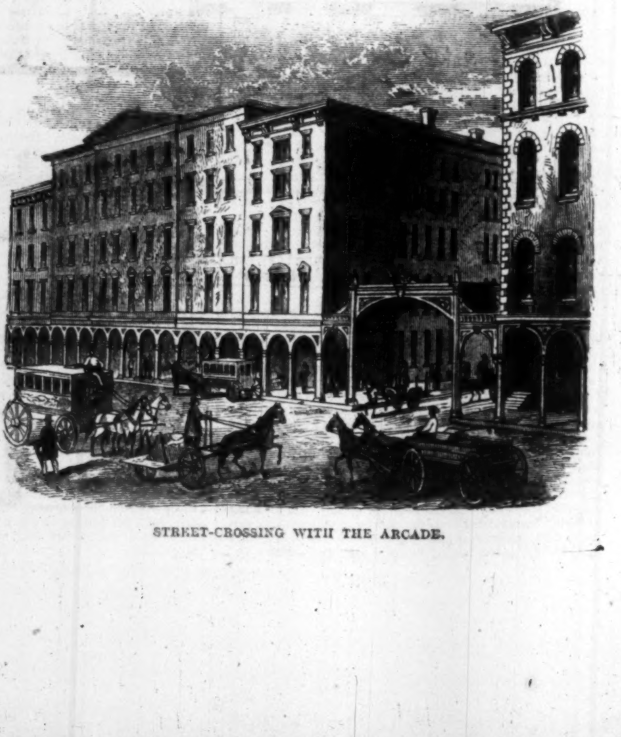
This arcade would, of course, cast the front of the stores, as at present, twelve feet farther back, and the arcade would serve the purpose of the awnings now lining the street fronts, and it would be no darker within; and as for that matter, shopkeepers do not love too much glare of light.

Such an arcade is possible, is feasible, and would not only give *all* the surface of Broadway between the buildings to vehicles, but it would afford the most magnificent promenade in the world. It would protect from rain, and from sunshine, and from *snow*. It would remain always dry and pleasant. It would be the glory of New York.

As to its cost, its highest estimated cost is two millions of dollars, averaging twenty-five hundred dollars to each edifice tunneled. The Metropolitan, the St. Nicholas, the Astor, Stewart's, Lafarge, could still retain untouched their first-story fronts (and all other like edifices), all the alteration made in these buildings being only their perforation longitudinally, wide enough for the arcade. If necessary, the cross-streets could be arched, and thus continue unbroken the arcade from one end of Broadway to the other.



STORES UNDER THE ARCADE.



STREET-CROSSING WITH THE ARCADE.

It is useless to talk of parallel streets. Broadway is, and always will be, the great central route from the lower part of the city to Union Square.

The plan proposed is the only one that can relieve Broadway, and it is one neither impossible nor chimerical. The Rue de Rivoli, and also the Rue Castiglione, in Paris, are both without sidewalks, and half the city of Bolonia, and the foot-passengers crowd the covered arcades on each side—precisely such arcades as we propose for Broadway. Plans and sections of the design are herewith presented to the public, with a view, not only of the streets in Paris above-named, but of two or three of the blocks on Broadway arcaded or tunneled in the mode proposed by the writer.

Every citizen is requested to give this subject a fair consideration before rejecting it. With such a promenade Broadway would not only accommodate four times as many vehicles, but make New York the most magnificent city on the globe.

We propose that the lower portion of Broadway, commencing with Barnum's Museum, should be first arcaded; and so on, block by block, in those sections of this great street, southwardly, which are most crowded. We do not advocate, or expect to see, the *whole* of Broadway thus relieved by our plan of arcades; but we do expect to see, ere many years, large portions of it so relieved. The Astor House, being so solid and massive, may remain as it is, as the street is wide enough before it; but we hope that the lower part of this thoroughfare below St. Paul's, and above Chambers Street to Canal Street, will be relieved by arcading ere many years.

The work can be done gradually; a block at a time. It is true that each store-front would lose twelve feet length; but in lieu it would have this noble covered arcade, where customers could walk to their doors in all weathers, sheltered from the sun and the rain, and from the *snow*. In wet weather [illegible] in hot, they would do as much business as in others. The Rue Rivoli is a mile and a half long, without a sidewalk except the arcades, and every body knows it is one of the finest shopping streets in Paris, and most fashionable. Regent's Park, in London, has also arcaded sidewalks; so has the public square in Havana; and in Venice, and many other cities, every new house leaves under its first floor a covered promenade.

In fact, this arcading is common enough, and every where popular and useful. There can be no objection made against the proposed arcading of the most crowded parts of Broadway that will not hold also against Rue de Rivoli; but no voice has ever yet been heard opposed to this street.

The writer therefore proposes that the arcade have a fair trial. Let it be tried upon one block, and we are sure that it would find such favor with the public, both foot-passengers and storekeepers, that the *whole* of Broadway, in twenty years, will be arcaded, and this principle of "relief" will be applied to side-streets, such as Nassau, and William, and others.

We have illustrated our plan by engravings of Rue de Rivoli, and of sections of Broadway as proposed to be arcaded.

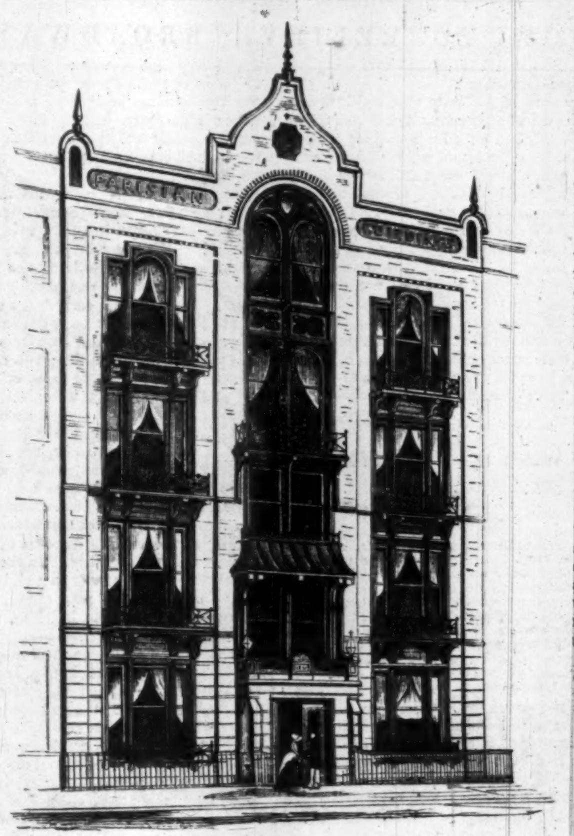
It is true here and there a church may interfere, but if the "old Brick," and other sacred edifices, are *entirely* demolished to make room for the crowding cars of commerce, may not front fences like St. Paul's, and St. Thomas's, and other places, be removed, and the promenade pass close to the walls, even underneath the noble portico of St. Paul's?

Difficulties and local objections are anticipated. But no plan can be devised free from them. This plan is no visionary one, but is in actual practice in some of the noblest streets abroad. It is, therefore, simply a question of dollars and cents; and public convenience and commercial utility in this age are not weighed in the scale with "dollars and cents." The question is, Is it practicable, and will it give relief to Broadway? We answer in the affirmative, and submit the subject to the people.

It is a part of the plan to have the sidewalk on the west side of the Park thrown to the inside *within* the railing.

One word as to the stoops, steps, cellar doors, and the like. In the plan for removing them which the Mayor has proposed the occupants would suffer far more annoyance and cost than by the arcade; for they could have them all within it. But we for the present leave the whole matter with the citizens, and Mayor and Corporation. The latter, by constructing over the *arched* cross-streets rooms, and even edifices three or four stories high, could realize a revenue that in a few years would pay for the proposed plan.

ENGINEER.



FRONT VIEW.

PARISIAN BUILDINGS FOR CITY RESIDENTS.

BY CALVERT VAUX, ARCHITECT.

AT a meeting of the Institute of American Architects, held some time since, the idea of erecting in New York buildings for city residents on the European plan, was brought forward for discussion, and a paper, illustrated by a design, was read by Mr. Vaux, one of the members.

The subject seems to be one of marked popular interest, and we therefore give this week an outline of the paper read at the meeting, and several engravings that will enable our readers to comprehend the leading features of the particular plan submitted for examination.

In all the large American cities at the present time, and in New York especially, there is a constantly increasing demand in the way of house accommodation, for a more liberal supply of convenience and comfort than has been considered necessary by most persons till within the last few years. This desire seems to progress even faster than the extraordinary prosperity of the people. The mechanic nowadays shares with the millionaire his taste for the luxuries of privacy, fresh air, water, and light; and the wish to occupy, together with the capacity to appreciate, a commodious residence, is widely spread among all classes.

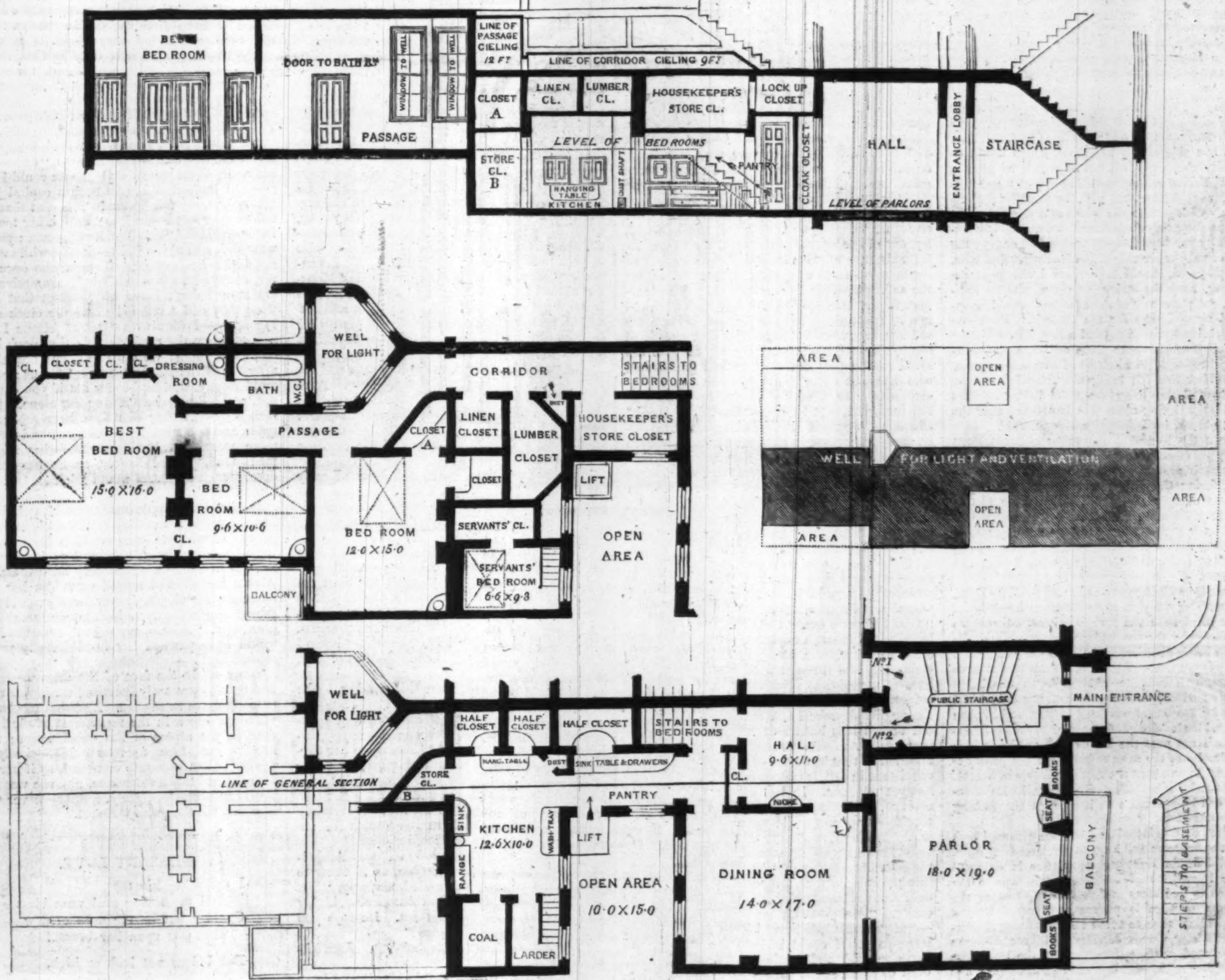
It is certainly well that this desire should exist, and it ought, doubtless, to be responded to by professional architects as far as possible, inasmuch as it is the duty of science and art to popularize as well as to discover, and to assist in developing, in an economical form, all those refinements of convenience that education teaches us are healthful and agreeable. The present position of matters—at any rate in New York—does not seem to be entirely satisfactory. The area of the city is limited, and the population, for many reasons, growing larger and larger every year, the available building sites have continued increasing in value, till the mere interest on the purchase-money of an ordinary city lot, without any house on it, would in any European city be considered an exorbitant rent for the house and lot together.

If buildings could be erected at an extremely reasonable cost, this would in a measure compensate for the high price to be paid for the land they occupy; but this, we are all aware, is not the case. Wages are high, and the outlay necessary for building and fitting up even a small house renders a high rental necessary, if the investment is to be at all remunerative. This matter of burdensome rent is a growing evil in New York, and is well known to be so. Strenuous efforts have, indeed, been made to economize space by reducing the width of the lots, and it is not uncommon now to see two houses built on a space of twenty-five feet—thus making each residence to consist of long rooms that are very thin, narrow passages that are very dark, and crowded stairways that are very uncomfortable; still the rent is materially reduced by this process, and such houses readily find occupants, who are willing to pay a high price and live, as it were, on a ladder, rather than give up the advantages of a convenient situation. This whole difficulty can, of course, be avoided by taking a house at some considerable distance from the city; and the facilities for suburban residence are fortunately always on the increase; still, although many may live agreeably in this way, the great majority of those who have to work for their living in a large city will naturally seek for accommodations within an easy distance of the scene of their labors.

There are, we know, several other methods of obtaining a residence in a city like New York. Thus, a family may live at a hotel or in a boarding-house, but the ceaseless publicity that ensues, the constant change, and the entire absence of all individuality in the everyday domestic arrangements, will always render this method of living distasteful, as a permanent thing, to the heads of families who have any taste for genuine home comforts, whether they happen to belong to this continent or the other. In some cases, two or more parties make arrangements to hire a house together, and this is a tolerably satisfactory plan, if the residents are suited to each other; but it seems to offer no advantages that might not be more completely obtained if the suites of apartments were entirely separated and complete in themselves.

In Europe, extensive buildings, several stories high, are frequently arranged with all the rooms required for a family grouped together on one level, or nearly so, and approached through one hall door from a public stair-case; and this *Continental plan*, as it is called, seems to possess so many advantages, that it deserves more attention than has hitherto been accorded to it in America. As yet it is little more than its title indicates, a Continental plan, so far as New York is concerned; for it has hardly taken any root here, except in the inadequate shape of what are known as tenement-houses, and this limited development of its capabilities is naturally calculated to deter rather than induce property owners to invest their capital in this style of building.

In the Scotch cities the advantages obtained by having separate suites of rooms under the same roof were recognized and acted on many years ago, and numbers of such buildings were carried up eight or ten stories high; but there seems a practical disadvantage in this extreme loftiness of the building, that would render it unadvisable to try any experiment of the sort in New York. Two or three flights of easy stairs may be readily surmounted, and the freedom from dust and noise obtained by those who


BEST BED ROOM
DOOR TO BATH RM
WINDOW TO WELL
WINDOW TO WELL
PASSAGE
LINE OF PASSAGE CIELING 12 FT
LINE OF CORRIDOR CIELING 9FT
CLOSET A
LINEN CL.
LUMBER CL.
HOUSEKEEPER'S STORE CL.
LOCK UP CLOSET
STORE CL. B
LEVEL OF BED ROOMS
HANGING TABLE
KITCHEN
DUST SHAFT
PANTRY
CLOAK CLOSET
HALL
ENTRANCE LOBBY
STAIRCASE
LEVEL OF PARLORS
CL.
CLOSET
CL.
CL.
DRESSING ROOM
BATH
W.C.
WELL FOR LIGHT
CORRIDOR
STAIRS TO BEDROOMS
BEST BED ROOM 15·0×16·0
PASSAGE
BED ROOM 9·6×10·6
CL.
CLOSET A
LINEN CLOSET
LUMBER CLOSET
DUST
HOUSEKEEPER'S STORE CLOSET
CLOSET
LIFT
BED ROOM 12·0×15·0
SERVANTS' CL.
SERVANTS' BED ROOM 6·6×9·3
OPEN AREA
BALCONY
AREA
OPEN AREA
AREA
WELL
FOR LIGHT AND VENTILATION
OPEN AREA
AREA
AREA
WELL FOR LIGHT
HALF CLOSET
HALF CLOSET
HALF CLOSET
STAIRS TO BEDROOMS
HANG. TABLE
DUST
SINK
TABLE & DRAWERS
STORE CL.
LINE OF GENERAL SECTION
B
SINK
KITCHEN 12·6×10·0
RANGE
WASH-TRAY
LIFT
PANTRY
OPEN AREA 10·0×15·0
COAL
LARDER
HALL 9·6×11·0
CL.
NICHE
DINING ROOM 14·0×17·0
PARLOR 18·0×19·0
BOOKS
SEAT
SEAT
BOOKS
BALCONY
No 1
No 2
PUBLIC STAIRCASE
MAIN ENTRANCE
STEPS TO BASEMENT

PLANS OF THE PARISIAN BUILDINGS.

might live in the third or fourth stories, would be found to compensate, in a great measure, for the trouble of traversing an extra flight or two of stairs; and thus people of about the same standing in society could, in all probability, be readily induced to occupy comfortable apartments as high as the fourth floor, but beyond this, the extra labor would soon be considered excessive, and the much cheaper rooms would attract a lower class of tenants than those likely to occupy floors nearer the level of the street: this would, in all probability, be thought very disagreeable in an American city, although accepted as a matter of course in Edinburgh. The same objection holds good in many of the French and German buildings arranged on this plan, and although they offer models for imitation in most respects, this difficulty will, in all probability, have to be avoided if the idea is to be successfully developed here.

It is not uncommon to find the larger and more elegant European establishments built round an open court. They are thus made to occupy, for the most part, ground at a considerable distance behind the most valuable frontage that faces on the main street; but such a plan does not seem practicable here, not only on account of the peculiar plan of the city, but because every family that owns or rents a house wishes to have the principal parlor command a view of the street; and American ladies, who are in the habit of spending the greater part of their time in their own apartments, think it far more lively and cheerful to look out on a busy thoroughfare than on a monotonous quadrangle, however elegantly it may be decorated. The suites facing the court would not, therefore, be so readily rented, and it consequently seems desirable in New York to abandon this feature if possible.

It is not at all uncommon in the European buildings on this plan to find the public stair-case in the middle of the house, and although ample in dimensions, somewhat restricted in its supply of light and air. Indeed, as a general rule, the public approaches are allowed to be of secondary importance, and the agreeable effect of the rooms themselves, when arrived at, is possibly enhanced thereby; but a different plan must be adopted if the idea is to be suited to New York needs, the public stair-case, which is the unusual feature to which we have to be accustomed, must be made light, airy, and elegant; and if possible, lighter, airier, and more elegant than any other part of the house, or a prejudice will be likely to be excited on entering the premises against the whole effect, and this it is all-important to avoid.

In London the subject has attracted a good deal of attention, and some very handsome buildings have been put up; but the price of ground is so comparatively moderate, even in very eligible situations, that a frontage on the main avenue of fifty or sixty feet is given to each suite of apartments without the rental being exorbitant.

A large frontage is of course desirable, and for extensive and costly suites of rooms absolutely necessary. It is not thought advisable, however, in the study submitted, to show what may be done with a fine open site, but rather to take the ordinary dimensions of two 25 × 100 feet city lots, and exhibit a method of arranging suites of rooms for families on these restricted dimensions, so that each suite of apartments may have its parlor facing on the street, and also a sufficient number of rooms for the accommodation of a family of moderate size.

On one side of the basement, which would be partially above ground, but of which no plan is shown, a set of rooms, consisting of parlor and bedroom, with bath-room, etc., is provided; these would be adapted to the wants of a single gentleman, needing only such attendance as could be furnished by the housekeeper, who would occupy the rooms on the other side of the basement, and who, it is proposed, should take general charge of the building, keep the stairways clean, receive messages, etc.; the rear of the basement would be occupied by cellarage for the tenants. Each one having a roomy, well-lighted cellar, for coal, etc.; convenient of access to these cellars, a lift, communicating with the kitchens of each set of rooms, is provided, this lift being also intended to take baskets of clothes to and from the different stories and a large drying-room that is planned over the kitchen-block, immediately under the roof.

Above the basement the suites of apartments correspond in all respects one with the other; the public stair-case is planned in the centre of the block, facing the street, and lighted with large windows every story. The hall of each tenant opens from a landing on this stair-case, and is furnished with a glazed inner and a solid outer door. From this hall is an entrance to the parlor, one to the dining-room, and one to the kitchen wing and bedrooms.

Behind the dining-room is an open well for light. By arranging the plan of bedrooms on a somewhat higher level than the parlors several advantages are obtained; for the bedroom passage and the kitchen being nine feet high, while the parlors and bedrooms are twelve feet high, the additional three feet can, by a difference of level, be so placed that it may be arranged for closet room, at a convenient height for use both from the bedroom and kitchen floor, and it also allows of a passage to the bedrooms that does not pass the kitchen door at all, which is desirable for the sake of privacy; the pantry is proposed to be about six feet six inches in height, and thus a housekeeper's pantry of available dimensions can be planned over it without encroaching on the next floor.

A dust shaft is introduced, that may be used both from the bedroom and kitchen level, on each suite. A well-hole for light and ventilation is arranged where it will be of the most advantage to the passage to bedrooms and to the bath-rooms; the bedroom passage is purposely diverted from a straight line, so as to avoid the uninviting appearance of a long, narrow corridor, and three bedrooms are grouped at the extreme end of the lot, where they will get the best light and be most quiet and retired. The dining-room pantry has closets and a sink, and the kitchen is provided with range, sink, boiler, wash trays; kitchen closets, store-room, coal closet, and servants' bedroom up a few steps from the kitchen level, and this completes the accommodation offered.

The rooms are of moderate size, and it is conceived that a set of apartments of this sort would be found all-sufficient for a large number of families living in New York, and paying higher rents than these suites would command for small, ill-planned, disagreeably-situated houses, that are found very uncomfortable to live in. It is proposed that the stair-case should be fire-proof, and it is thought that the situation chosen and style of finish used ought to be such that the rents might average about $450 for a set of rooms on the principal floor, $400 for the second story, $350 for the third, $300 for the fourth, and $200 for the basement. It is conceived that if the plan were carried out on this scale in an agreeable situation, not too far up town, it would at once become a highly remunerative investment for the outlay incurred.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

"If," says a great thinker (DEGERANDO, *Du Perfectionment Moral*, chap. ix., "On the Difficulties we encounter in Self Study")—"If one concentrates reflection too much on one's self, one ends by no longer seeing any thing, or seeing only what one wishes. By the very act, as it were, of capturing one's self, the personage we believe we have seized, escapes, disappears. Nor is it only the complexity of our inner being which obstructs our examination, but its exceeding variability. The investigator's regard should embrace all the sides of the subject, and perseveringly pursue all its phases."

IT is the race-week in Humberston, a county town far from Gatesboro', and in the north of England. The races last three days; the first day is over; it has been a brilliant spectacle; the course crowded with the carriages of provincial magnates, with equestrian betters of note from the metropolis; blacklegs in great muster; there have been gaming-booths on the ground, and gipsies telling fortunes; much Champagne imbibed by the well-bred, much soda-water and brandy by the vulgar. Thousands and tens of thousands have been lost and won; some paupers been for the time enriched; some rich men made poor for life. Horses have won fame; some of their owners lost character. Din and uproar, and coarse oaths, and rude passions—all have had their hour. The amateurs of the higher classes have gone back to dignified country-houses, as courteous hosts or favored guests. The professional speculators of a lower grade have poured back into the county town, and inns and taverns are crowded. Drink is hotly called for at reeking bars; waiters and chambermaids pass to and fro, with dishes, and tankards, and bottles in their hands. All is noise and bustle, and eating and swilling, and disputation and slang; wild glee and wilder despair among those who come back from the race-course to the inns in the county town. At one of these taverns, neither the best nor the worst, and in a small narrow slice of a room that seemed robbed from the landing-place, sate Mrs. Crane, in her iron-gray silk gown. She was seated close by the open window, as carriages, chaises, flies, carts, vans, and horsemen succeeded each other thick and fast, watching the scene with a soured, scornful look. For human joy, as for human grief, she had little sympathy. Life had no Saturnalian holidays left for her. Some memory in her past had poisoned the well-springs of her social being. Hopes and objects she had still, but out of the wrecks of the natural and healthful existence of womanhood those objects and hopes stood forth exaggerated, intense, as are the ruling passions in monomania. A bad woman is popularly said to be worse than a wicked man. If so, partly because women, being more solitary, brood more unceasingly over cherished ideas, whether good or evil; partly also, for the same reason that makes a wicked gentleman, who has lost caste and character, more irreclaimable than a wicked clown, low-born and low-bred, viz., that in proportion to the loss of shame is the gain in recklessness; but principally, perhaps, because in extreme wickedness there is necessarily a distortion of the reasoning faculty; and man, accustomed from the cradle rather to reason than to feel, has that faculty more firm against abrupt twists and lesions than it is in woman; where virtue may have left him, logic may still linger, and he may decline to push evil to a point at which it is clear to his understanding that profit vanishes and punishment rests; while woman, once abandoned to ill, finds sufficient charm in its mere excitement; and, regardless of consequences, where the man asks, "Can I?" raves out, "I will!" Thus man may be criminal through cupidity, vanity, love, jealousy, fear, ambition, rarely in civilized, that is, reasoning life, through hate and revenge; for hate is a profitless investment, and revenge a ruinous speculation. But when women are thoroughly depraved and hardened, nine times out of ten it is hatred or revenge that makes them so. Arabella Crane had not, however, attained to that last state of wickedness, which, consistent in evil, is callous to remorse; she was not yet unsexed. In her nature was still that essence, "varying and mutable," which distinguishes woman while womanhood is left to her. And now, as she sate gazing on the throng below, her haggard mind recoiled perhaps from the conscious shadow of the Evil Principle which, invoked as an ally, remains as a destroyer. Her dark front relaxed; she moved in her seat uneasily. "Must it be always thus!" she muttered—"always this hell here! Even now, if in one large pardon I could include the undoer, the earth myself, and again be human—human, even as those slight triflers or coarse brawlers that pass yonder! Oh, for something in common with common life!"

Her lips closed, and her eyes again fell upon the crowded street. At that moment three or four heavy vans or wagons filled with operatives or laborers and their wives, coming back from the race-course, obstructed the way; two outriders with satin jackets were expostulating, cracking their whips, and seeking to clear space for an open carriage with four thorough-bred impatient horses. Toward that carriage every gazer from the windows was directing eager eyes; each foot-passenger on the pavement lifted his hat—evidently in that carriage some great person! Like all who are at war with the world as it is, Arabella Crane abhorred the great, and despised the small for worshiping the great. But still her own fierce dark eyes mechanically followed those of the vulgar. The carriage bore a marquis's coronet on its panels, and was filled with ladies; two other carriages bearing a similar coronet, and evidently belonging to the same party, were in the rear. Mrs. Crane started. In that first carriage, as it now slowly moved under her very window, and paused a minute or more, till the obstructing vehicles in front were marshaled into order—there flashed upon her eyes a face radiant with female beauty in its more glorious prime. Among the crowd at that moment was a blind man, adding to the various discords of the street by a miserable hurdy-gurdy. In the movement of the throng to get nearer to a sight of the ladies in the carriage, this poor creature was thrown forward; the dog that led him, an ugly brute, on his own account or his master's, took fright, broke from the string, and ran under the horses' hoofs, snarling. The horses became restive; the blind man made a plunge after his dog, and was all but run over. The lady in the first carriage, alarmed for his safety, rose up from her seat, and made her outriders dismount, lead away the poor blind man, and restore to him his dog. Thus engaged, her face shone full upon Arabella Crane; and with that face rushed a tide of earlier memories. Long, very long since she had seen that face—seen it in those years when she herself, Arabella Crane, was young and handsome.

The poor man—who seemed not to realize the idea of the danger he had escaped—once more safe, the lady resumed her seat; and now that the momentary animation of humane fear and womanly compassion passed from her countenance—its expression altered—it took the calm, almost the coldness, of a Greek statue. But with the calm there was a listless melancholy which Greek sculpture never gives to the Parian stone; stone can not convey that melancholy—it is the shadow which needs for its substance a living, mortal heart.

Crack went the whips; the horses bounded on—the equipage rolled fast down the street, followed by its satellites. "Well!" said a voice in the street below, "I never saw Lady Montfort in such beauty. Ah, here comes my lord!"

Mrs. Crane heard and looked forth again. A dozen or more gentlemen on horseback rode slowly up the street; which of these was Lord Montfort?—not difficult to distinguish. As the by-standers lifted their hats to the cavalcade, the horsemen generally returned the salutation by simply touching their own—one horseman uncovered wholly. That one must be the Marquis, the greatest man in those parts, with lands stretching away on either side that town for miles and miles; a territory which, in feudal times, might have alarmed a king. He, the civilest, must be the greatest. A man still young, decidedly good-looking, wonderfully well-dressed, wonderfully well-mounted, the careless ease of high rank in his air and gesture. To the superficial gaze, just what the great Lord of Montfort should be. Look again! In that fair face is there not something that puts you in mind of a florid period which contains a feeble platitude?—something in its very prettiness that betrays a weak nature, and a sterile mind?

The cavalcade passed away—the vans and the wagons again usurped the thoroughfare. Arabella Crane left the window, and approached the little looking-glass over the mantle-piece. She gazed upon her own face bitterly—she was comparing it with the features of the dazzling Marchioness.

The door was flung open, and Jasper Losely sauntered in, whistling a French air, and flapping the dust from his boots with his kid glove.

"All right," said he, gayly. "A famous day of it."

"You have won," said Mrs. Crane, in a tone rather of disappointment than congratulation.

"Yes. That £100 of Rugge's has been the making of me. I only wanted a capital just to start with!" He flung himself into a chair, opened his pocket-book, and scrutinized its contents. "Guess," said he, suddenly, "on whose horse I won these two *rouleaux?* Lord Montfort's! Ay, and I saw my lady!"

"So did I see her, from this window. She did not look happy!"

"Not happy!—with such an equipage! neatest turn-out I ever set eyes on; not happy, indeed! I had half a mind to ride up to her carriage and advance a claim to her gratitude."

"Gratitude! Oh, for your part in that miserable affair of which you told me?"

"Not a miserable affair for her, but certainly *I* never got any good from it—trouble for nothing! *Basta!* No use looking back!"

"No use; but who can help it!" said Arabella Crane, sighing heavily; then, as if eager to change the subject, she added, abruptly, "Mr. Rugge has been here twice this morning, highly excited—the child will not act. He says you are bound to make her do so!"

"Nonsense. That is his look-out. *I* see after children, indeed!"

MRS. CRANE (with a visible effort). "Listen to me, Jasper Losely, I have no reason to love that child, as you may suppose. But now that you so desert her, I think I feel compassion for her; and when, this morning, I raised my hand to strike her for her stubborn spirit, and saw her eyes unflinching, and her pale, pale, but fearless face, my arm fell to my side powerless. She will not take to this life without the old man. She will waste away and die."

LOSELY. "How you bother me! Are you serious? What am I to do?"

MRS. CRANE. "You have won money you say; revoke the contract; pay Rugge back his £100. He is disappointed in his bargain; he will take the money."

LOSELY. I dare say he will, indeed. No—I have won to-day, it is true, but I may lose to-morrow, and, besides, I am in want of so many things; when one gets a little money, one has an immediate necessity for more—ha! ha! Still I would not have the child die; and she may grow up to be of use. I tell you what I will do; if, when the races are over, I find I have gained enough to afford it, I will see about buying her off. But £100 is too much! Rugge ought to take half the money, or a quarter, because, if she don't act, I suppose she does eat."

Odious as the man's words were, he said them with a laugh that seemed to render them less revolting—the laugh of a very handsome mouth, showing teeth still brilliantly white. More comely than usual that day, for he was in great good humor, it was difficult to conceive that a man with so healthful and fair an exterior was really quite rotten at heart.

"Your own young laugh!" said Arabella Crane, almost tenderly. "I know not how it is, but this day I feel as if I were less old—altered though I be in face and mind. I have allowed myself to pity that child; while I speak, I can pity you. Yes! pity—when I think of what you were. Must you go on thus? To what! Jasper Losely," she continued sharply, eagerly, clasping her hands—"hear me—I have an income not large, it is true, but assured; you have nothing but what, as you say, you may lose to-morrow; share my income! Fulfill your solemn promises—marry me. I will forget whose daughter that girl is—I will be a mother to her. And for yourself, give me the right to feel for you again as I once did, and I may find a way to raise you yet—higher than you can raise yourself. I have some wit, Jasper, as you know. At the worst you shall have the pastime—I, the toil. In your illness I will nurse you; in your joys I will intrude no share. Whom else can you marry? to whom else could you confide? who else could—"

She stopped short as if an adder had stung her, uttering a shriek of rage, of pain; for Jasper Losely, who had hitherto listened to her, stupefied, astounded, here burst into a fit of merriment, in which there was such undisguised contempt, such an enjoyment of the ludicrous, provoked by the idea of the marriage pressed upon him, that the insult pierced the woman to her very soul.

Continuing his laugh, despite that cry of wrathful agony it had caused, Jasper rose, holding his sides, and surveying himself in the glass, with very different feelings at the sight from those that had made his companion's gaze there a few minutes before so mournful.

"My dear good friend," he said, composing himself at last, and wiping his eyes, "excuse me, but really when you said whom else could I marry—ha! ha!—it did seem such a capital joke! Marry you, my fair Crane! No—put that idea out of your head—we know each other too well for conjugal felicity. You love me now; you always did, and always will—that is, while we are not tied to each other. Women who once love me, always love me—can't help themselves. I am sure I don't know why, except that I am what they call a villain! Ha! the clock striking seven—I dine with a set of fellows I have picked up on the race-ground; they don't know me, nor I them; we shall be better acquainted after the third bottle. Cheer up, Crane; go and scold Sophy, and make her act if you can; if not, scold Rugge into letting her alone. Scold somebody—nothing like it, to keep other folks quiet, and one's self busy. Adieu! and pray, no more matrimonial solicitations—they frighten me! Gad," added Losely, as he banged the door, "such overtures would frighten Old Nick himself!"

Did Arabella Crane hear those last words—or had she not heard enough? If Losely had turned and beheld her face, would it have startled back his trivial laugh? Possibly; but it would have caused only a momentary uneasiness. If Alecto herself had reared over him her brow horrent with vipers, Jasper Losely would have thought he had only to look handsome, and say coaxingly, "Alecto, my dear!" and the Fury would have pawned her head-dress to pay his washing-bill.

After all, in the face of the grim woman he had thus so wantonly incensed there was not so much menace as resolve. And that resolve was yet more shown in the movement of the hands than in the aspect of the countenance; those hands—lean, firm, nervous hands—slowly expanded; then as slowly clenched, as if her own thought had taken substance, and she was locking it in a clasp—tightly, tightly—never to be loosened till the pulse was still.

PEASANT LOVE.

I KNOW a little rose,
And my loving soul were blest
Could I but be the drop of dew
That lies upon her breast!

But I dare not look so high,
Nor die a death so sweet;
It is enough for me to be
The dust about her feet!

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Lucy threw the light of a new life into Lyndon Hall. Before she had been there four days the Colonel was in love with her. Seldom has there been so swift a fall, so sudden a conquest. And now, with the insolence of youth, she showed his fetters to all the world. There was not a petty girlish act of tyranny and self-will of which she was not guilty. She deranged all his habits and overthrew his authority. She made him wait for dinner, contradicted him before the whole household, beat him at chess, scolded down his assertions respecting woman's inferiority and the good of absolute submission, shook all the starch out of his military demeanor, and made him a pliant nobody, whom she twisted round her fingers at her pleasure. But all was done so graciously, her insolence was accomplished by means of such beaming eyes and sunny smiles, it was such a graceful cruelty and played by such a lovely comedian, that the Colonel was forced to submit, despot and autocrat as he was. But he apologized to himself for his loss of dignity on the same plea that a grave man would use if caught romping with his child. It was his pleasure, his will. He suffered these petty pretty liberties because he liked them: they were not taken by force, they were granted. He submitted, like Hercules to Omphale, to a tyranny he could crush between his fingers and thumb to-morrow, if he chose. He was Samson bound by Delilah; but not asleep, nor with his locks shorn. The threads round him were but the fragile threads of a woman's caprice, which he could break at a moment, if he put forth his strength in never so minute degree. This disguised lord was still the lord, though he might masquerade in the slave's attire for his own good pleasure: and he—his will was none the less iron nor his purpose adamant, because he made himself the supple toy of a pretty woman; let her go an inch too far, and then she would find how much of this cruelty was based on her intrinsic power, and how much on his complaisance. So he comforted his damaged dignity with such soliloquies as those; and sat at the feet of his Omphale while she rated him, or followed while she led him hither and thither, and took his lion's skin for her footstool, and laughed at his demi-godship to his face.

Norah looked on in silent wonder. To see her father, of whom she stood in almost superstitious awe, cajoled and trifled with by a girl only a year older than herself, seemed a miracle. She felt almost afraid, as if some new and mysterious power had risen up beside her. It was so strange that her father, who had so crushed her, who laid his own will so heavily on the household, should now be paraded before them all like a tame monster, and pushed to the very verge of ridicule by his facility. She did not recognize him. Lucy could do any thing she pleased with him. After keeping dinner waiting a full half hour—a slight which Colonel Lyndon had once resented from a peer—Lucy would come down into the drawing-room all smiles and composure, conscious power, all exquisite attire and fabulous perfumes, sailing in as tranquilly as if she were no delinquent; then saying, if the Colonel looked haughty and sulky:

"Has the dinner-bell sounded yet?"

What her motive was for her conduct Norah never asked; and even if she had, Lucy would have been puzzled for an answer, for she had no definite plans as yet—no actual motive. And as Norah was too quiet and indifferent to trouble herself much about what any one did, Lucy found no very officious censor or inquirer in her.

The person most perplexed of all was Gregory. He, as all the world, saw Lucy's evident flirtation with the Colonel, and he, like Norah, let it pass without comment. He was too much absorbed in his own real love to care about the mock-play of others. Why did those strange fixed looks meet his when no one was by?—looks that left a very sound of words behind them. Why did she start when he came upon her suddenly? Why did she look after him so earnestly or so sadly when he withdrew? Why did she surround him with her influence, so that he could not escape from her, and was forced, as if by mesmeric will, to turn to her, and at least to watch her? Why, in the midst of all this possession—for it was a real possession—did he hate her fiercely, and wish that she had never entered Lyndon Hall?

Gregory was restless and distracted at his unusual state of feeling. He chafed and raged under it as under a concealed wound; for if Gregory had the faults, he had also the virtues of a savage. If he believed in the right of might, he believed also in the beauty of truth, and he practiced the virtue of sincerity. It was only sincere then in him to hate Lucy, while fascinated in a strange repellant way by her. It was only natural to him that, while dreaming of her beauty and her love, which he did so often now, he should also dream of hatred. For, true to his origin, he believed in spells and witchcraft, and he had no doubt that Lucy was casting a spell round him now, which he did not feel quite sure of resisting, and which he had full right to abhor.

Such a mute world of passion and fierce, forbidden thought as it all was in this dim old stately Lyndon Hall! Such a stormy world, surging and boiling up round little Norah as the centre figure; she, the only calm one of them all, though the saddest of them all; but still and motionless, as philosophers say is the characteristic of storm-centres.

What could Colonel Lyndon do to please his beautiful guest? He had presented her with a bridesmaid's bracelet; that was something, for Lucy adored jewelry. But what more could he do for her? The Colonel was a cautious man, and went by easy marches. He did not know Lucy's family: and, infatuated though he was, his pride was greater than his love; and he would sacrifice even Lucy, rather than make a *mésalliance*. He was anxious to win her heart—to thoroughly gain her mental consent—and then, on further knowledge, he would decide on what was best for himself. He did not wish to commit himself too early; but he wanted to be secure. This was his programme. Lucy—what was hers?

But what could he do to please her? Ah! he had it!—the very thing!—and good policy too. He would ask her brothers to Norah's wedding, as an attention to herself, and for his own private inspection. That would do—a fitting clasp to the diamond bracelet—perhaps a clasp never to be unloosed. Lucy was charmed. She caught at the idea with eagerness; for it flashed a thought, a means, a way into her mind, which hitherto she had not been able to seize. Yes—Launce and Edmund must come. Edmund was pining to find his ideal; Norah was dying under Gregory's love. If they found what each was seeking for in the other—then, Gregory's first anger over; then—Lucy buried her face in her hands; but the very roots of her hair were crimson, and her heart beat so loud that she might have counted the strokes.

When she came to herself, the second dinner-bell had rung, and her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Launcelot and Edmund Thorold came to Lyndon Hall. They were both exceedingly handsome, though very unlike each other, and quite unlike Lucy, excepting indeed a certain genial expression in Launce's face, which was like Lucy's when she was at her best—when she was not acting a part and not thinking of herself. But of the two, Launce was the more manly, as Lucy had said, and Edmund the better looking. Both were very gentle—Launce from that good-nature and mental indolence which belongs to a certain type of large-built, stout, strong-limbed young Saxons; Edmund, from a refined nature, and from the absence of combativeness. Launce was the more affectionate; Edmund, the more loving. Launce would make the kind husband, the good master, and the indulgent father.

The Colonel liked them. Their quiet manners pleased him, as did their manly deference to himself. For Lucy had warned them of his character, and had besought them to be extraordinarily respectful. And they always did what Lucy told them. Gregory stood aloof, watching his rivals. He surrounded Norah with more jealous cares than ever, hardly letting her out of his sight for a moment; sitting by her; talking to her exclusively, or rather suffering no one else to speak with her; breathing defiance and distrust in every glance and gesture; chained to her side like a fierce jailer standing between the very sun and her. It was a hard time for Norah: it very nearly killed her.

The marriage-day was drawing near. Norah was growing thin and pale; Gregory more restless and more violent. It was no secret now, that he was eating his heart out for despair at Norah's want of love for him, or that Norah was literally dying of terror and oppression. But no one spoke, not even Lucy. She did not feel the ground beneath her firm enough yet for such a hazardous chance.

The young men had been a week at the Hall, and the marriage was to take place now in ten days, when Gregory received a letter from his lawyer which threatened to destroy all existing engagements whatsoever. A cousin of his, the son of his father's younger brother, suddenly claimed the estate, on the plea that Gregory's Nubian mother had never been legally married. A doubt had always existed in that branch of the family; for, if true, the estates would be theirs, and self-interest marvelously sharpens suspicion.

Colonel Lyndon was only half-brother to Gregory's father, and knew nothing of the rest of the family. In no case, then, could the estates devolve on him; consequently, he had never questioned the validity of his half-nephew's title. Had he received only a hint of such a possibility as the want of those important marriage-lines, which change so many destinies, he would have thoroughly investigated the matter before he had suffered him to stand suitor for his daughter. For he cared only for the estates, not the man, and he would give Norah quite as willingly to the new owner as he had given her to Gregory—a great deal more willingly if he had a better income. Gregory knew this well enough, and foresaw all that would happen if he could not overcome this difficulty—a difficulty not wholly contemptible, for, though he had been brought up and considered as the lawful heir, he had no legal or documentary evidence of his father's marriage, and could not prove his title if disputed—at least, not with the proofs in his hands. He would have to search for more.

After thinking over his position for full five minutes—which was a long time for Gregory to reflect—he determined on going at once to London, and seeing the matter to the end. Nothing but the certainty of losing Norah altogether—should his opponent's claim be made good—could have spurred him to this extreme step. But he felt it was better to risk a few weeks' absence than a life's loss; better to suffer anxiety for a term than anguish forever.

He rode over to Lyndon Hall, taking the letter with him. It was early morning, and he found the family assembled at breakfast. Lucy, in the most wonderful elaboration of lace and muslin that the genius of Parisian artist could invent, was sitting by the Colonel, whom she was drugging with her pleasant poison. Norah was between Launce and Edmund, and assiduously attended to by both. It was the only hour they had with her unmolested, and as they both wished to become really acquainted with her, it is not surprising that they made the most of it. In the midst of this delightful ease and dangerous pleasure Gregory's step was heard in the hall. Not suffering the servant to announce him, he opened the door of the breakfast-room and strode rapidly forward. Norah was just handing a cup of tea to Edmund, at whom she was looking earnestly, smiling at an anecdote he was relating; Launce, on her other side, was bending forward, listening, but putting in a laughing commentary. Both the young men were animated; Norah unembarrassed and pleased. The instant Gregory appeared the smile faded from her lips, her eyelids drooped, her hand trembled, her breath was checked, and she turned pale. Launce and Edmund both stopped speaking, and Edmund half-drew away, looking a shade guilty and caught. Lucy flushed crimson, a welcome springing like a word to her eyes; Colonel Lyndon looked surprised and bored by the interruption.

Not a shade, not a change, in the countenances of that unsuspecting breakfast-party, but had been marked by Gregory. He thought he detected a look of intelligence between Norah and Edmund. He was mistaken, as the jealous always are. Norah could not have established a good intelligence with any man. But for a moment this suspicion made him waver. Should he go and leave her to the designing people about her? Was he not mad and suicidal to think of such a thing? Then, again, if Colonel Lyndon heard a breath of his difficulty, adieu to Norah forever, unless he could overcome it. Perhaps, already he had received intimation of the matter from that miserable cousin of his, whose life would not be worth much if ever he fell within the grasp of those hands. No! Gregory crushed back his transient hope and set himself to his task. To say the least of it, a difficult and a painful one to any man.

The Colonel—when he and Gregory were closeted in his study—took the news quietly.

"Of course," he said, "unless you can perfectly substantiate your claim and clear your position, you need not expect to—"

Gregory anticipated the end of the unfinished sentence.

"But love—love—" he urged, passionately.

"Bah! Acres, not love, my dear boy, when you talk to a father!" said the Colonel. "Do you think it possible for me to give my child to a penniless—? Well! we will not discuss the question. Now, silence! not another word!" For Gregory was raging about the room on the point of committing some excess. "Leave us, now," he continued, in that cold, haughty, iron-bound way of his, which always stilled the poor passionate savage like a spell. "Go to London, investigate this matter; go to Egypt, if need be,—probe the affair to the end, and substantiate your claim to the estates, or leave this country forever. I will take care that Norah remains free and unsought till your return—but, on that return, unless indeed you are wise enough never to come back if unsuccessful—however, as I was saying, on that return, your good or ill-fortune will determine your relations with her. Go. Lose no time. The longer you delay here the longer you delay your possible marriage." And the Colonel waved him from the room.

Gregory went to find Norah. She and Lucy were in the drawing-room, sitting in the bay window working; Norah in a low *prie-dieu* cunningly isolated, Lucy on the ottoman, with plenty of space on the cushions beside her. He clanked into the room with even more than his usual indifference to forms, looking dark and agitated, not quite unlike the popular notions of demon lovers, when those gentlemen first threw off their fascinations and plunged into revelation.

"I must speak with you, Norah," he said, abruptly, sitting down by Lucy.

"And I am *de trop?*" said Lucy, in her sweetest voice, bending forward, and letting her hand rest lightly on his.

Gregory turned and looked into her face, and their eyes met. When she withdrew hers, Lucy felt that she had told too much. Single-hearted and absorbed as Gregory was, that look disturbed him, and for a moment he could not speak.

"Do you wish to say any thing to me?" then asked Norah, submissively.

"Yes, Norah, yes!" he answered, hurriedly; "I must speak with you."

"Shall I go, then?" said Lucy, with the same smile and the same caressing accent.

Norah looked at her imploringly.

"My cousin has no secrets from you," she said, in her timid voice, asking her to remain. But she went out of the room.

When the door was closed, Gregory exclaimed, "Swear that you will be faithful whatever may happen!"

"I do, cousin," said Norah. She might as well have said, I am cold, or I am hot, for any emphasis or soul that lay on her words.

"More fervently—more passionately!" cried Gregory.

"I am not fervent or passionate cousin," said Norah, quietly; "were I to pretend to be so, I should be untrue."

"Say it to me again, then—let me hear those blessed sounds once more! You vow on your eternal salvation that nothing shall tempt you from me—that no one shall steal you away."

"No one, cousin. I love no one else."

"But me?"

"Cousin, I am bound to love you."

"And if you were not bound?—if you were free? Would you love me then, Norah?"

"Yes," she gasped, faintly.

"Oh! I can go now!" cried Gregory. "I will go while that word still vibrates on my ear! No colder sound shall disturb the echo of that word!" and he rushed through the rooms, and departed without any leave-taking whatever.

Norah clasped her hands together. "Is it true! can it be true—has he really gone!" she exclaimed. Then hiding her face she too burst into tears. Were they tears of grief or joy?

She waited until she had quite recovered herself, and until the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, before she sought Lucy. Finding her, she kissed her, and clung to her, like a happy child, and though they both were silent, Lucy had scarcely seen her smile since she came to the Hall.

"What is to be done?" said Lucy to herself. "People would call me very dishonorable if they knew; but what can I do? There is no forcing these things—and no preventing them."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

What had passed into Lyndon Hall? or rather, what had passed from it? The very birds seemed to sing more cheerily in that hoary beech-row, and the Colonel himself forgot his drill manners. Lucy's fascination over him was more potent than ever, and smoothed him to such pleasant serenity that even Norah was included in the general amnesty, and her chain lengthened by a couple of links at the very least. The young men, of course, proposed to leave; but the Colonel, prompted by Lucy, would not accept their dismissal, and insisted on their remaining some weeks longer.

The walks and drives about Lyndon were very lovely. Norah had always taken great delight in them, in her little, quiet, silent way; but she thought them more beautiful than ever now. But the hedgerows looked greener, the dew lay more brightly on the glittering grass, the flowers were more numerous, the birds sang more sweetly this year than on any preceding years: there was a life, a freshness, a luxuriance she had never noticed before: it was nature without her mask of clouds. She did not know that the change was in herself, not in outward things, and that the light which lay so bright and loving on the world was the light of freedom, not of heaven. Every one noticed the change in Norah. The very servants discussed it in their hall.

Norah and Edmund were frequent companions. This was by Miss Lucy's manœuvring. Having made up her mind that they were the two Halves of which the Germans speak, she did her best to fit them together. She hoped to accomplish her moral masonry before Gregory's return: when it would be too late to "hark back."

"This is pleasant, Lucy," said Norah, suddenly. She and her friend were sitting on the lawn; Edmund half-lying at their feet, reading aloud. Launce was away with the Colonel, inspecting some improvements.

Lucy looked down at Edmund. She saw his face flush, and his eyes grow large and dark.

"Yes, very enjoyable," she answered. "What do you say, Edmund?"

"I think enjoyable too cold a word," said Edmund, raising his eyes to Norah.

"Take my advice," said Norah, hastily. "Do not despise coldness. Do not strain after excess of expression or unbridled feeling. There is nothing like self-command. Mr. Thorold, believe me."

Lucy and Edmund exchanged looks; but Edmund's was full of pain; in Lucy's was a slight sneer, as she thought what a shameful trick Fate had played them all, to throw him at the feet of one who had not strength or power enough to love him: to waste all that fire and energy in watering desert sand. Ah! if that same fate had but given Gregory to her—his love would have met a far different return.

"My view of life, and of love, is sympathy," said Edmund, gently. "Sympathy certainly can not change our natures; it can not make the passionate cold, or the cold passionate; it can not bend the strong, or nerve the weak; but it can modify. If our uncontrolled impulses wound the one we love, it seems to me the manifest duty of the man, who is the stronger, to fashion himself, so far as he can, into such form as his friend would have him wear; and to check for her sake all outward expression of what he may not be able to destroy within him. I understand no self-assertion in the man who loves."

Norah did not answer. While Edmund spoke she looked at him earnestly and sorrowfully, with something very like tears in her eyes. But Norah's tears seldom passed the boundary of her lids.

"Not many men are like you," at last she said, with a gentle sigh.

"Oh! he is such a gentle, loving creature!" said Lucy to her, when they were alone. "Edmund always reminds me of that statue of the youthful genius you are so fond of; and, by-the-by, he is not unlike, in feature; so gentle, so kind, so considerate to others, so full of rare, right feeling." She bent her eyes on the little creature earnestly.

"Yes, he is a very interesting boy," Norah answered, cordially. "I never knew one I liked to be with so much, or who put me so entirely at my ease. And that is no slight praise from such a nervous person as I am!" she added, half laughing.

Lucy reported her words to Edmund, and cost him a night's rest thereby. It was not only the fulfillment of his own love—for he knew he loved her—that he sought, but her deliverance from a man who held her by force, and made her very life a burden to her. We all know what a terrible lever to love is fanaticism, and the belief that love is duty.

Norah saw nothing. She had been too long accustomed to the fiery noon of Gregory's passion to see what forms were floating in the soft dim twilight of Edward's tender affection. Unconsciously she encouraged what she did not recognize. By her gentle kindness and her evident preference, by her silent friendship, by her girlish confidence, she aided hourly in consolidating the fatal fancy she would have destroyed at once had she known of it. But it never occurred to her that he meant love when she meant only kindness, or that she was answering a passion when she gave back mere kindness. Then he was so young—such a mere boy!—only just her own age!

Gregory had now been away three weeks. He wrote letters daily that might have been traced in fire: so fiercely loving and so full of burning anguish. They were less painful to Norah than his presence; but though only letters, they were singularly trying to her. She dreaded them in a weaker degree, but in the same manner as she used to dread his visits and his passionate prayer: "Norah, let me speak with you!"

He said nothing of his return, and nothing of his business. The Colonel alone knew what that business was, and was discreet. Thankfulness at his absence swallowed up curiosity in Norah, and hope in Lucy; so that days and days wore on, and no mention was made of his return. And still Lucy's brothers staid at Lyndon Hall, and Edmund's soul went deeper beneath the waves which give back nothing living.

But Launce? Oh! good-tempered, genial, soft-hearted Launce looked on and wondered; and, when he did not wonder, laughed. As for the Colonel, he thought his way was clear before him. Surely he had secured all the approaches! Surely she had not an inch of ground left for defense or for retreat; but, more surely than all, she was willing to capitulate, and did not seek for defense or retreat. And he—he would be proud of his beautiful prize; he would parade her before the eyes of the world, as a priceless gem in a gorgeous setting. He was satisfied there were no flaws in the jewel, and that he would not be disgraced by wearing it. So the sooner it was set upon his hand the better for her, and the happier for him. But this was just what Lucy did not want. It was premature and disorganizing. The explanation must be delayed at least till Norah's affair was settled; and yet the Colonel had grown so pressing. What should she do? Foolish girl that she had been!—why had she heaped up the coals so high? What she had fighted for amusement in the first instance threatened conflagration now to all around, and no one was to blame but herself. She could have wept at seeing her mine sprung too quickly, and at her inability to stave off the dreaded hour. But weeping her spiteful tears, or smiling her most blandishing smiles, it was all one to Fate and the Colonel: the hour came on inexorably. Colonel Lyndon of Lyndon Hall made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune in the bay-window of the drawing-room; sitting on the ottoman, and offering this precious prize in such a tone of provoking certainty, that Lucy could have boxed his ears with good-will. As she could not afford herself that satisfaction, she accepted him.

"At all events," said Lucy to herself, "if Gregory and Norah do marry, and I do not wish to tie myself to this old gentleman—but Lyndon is a fine place!—I can always break it off when I like. Better that chance than refusing him, and being obliged to leave Lyndon, and to have all my plans destroyed." "But no one was to know of it," said Lucy, cosily. "It was their dear little secret, and they would keep it sacred for a few days yet." And the Colonel assented. Thus Lucy gained more breathing time.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"SEE, how beautiful it is!" said Edmund, standing on the flight of steps leading to the lawn. "Will you not come out into the garden, Miss Lyndon? Pray do! it is so delicious, and it will do you good."

He asked her earnestly; and Norah smiled, and stepped through the open window. They strolled on the lawn, Edmund talking as she loved to hear him, in that deep, gentle, half poetic, half metaphysical, and wholly vague and dreamy way of his, which by its very vagueness seemed to open new worlds to Norah—she listening quietly, and with a certain absorption to which poor Edmund gave a warmer parentage than simple intellectual pleasure. Interested and unconscious, Norah by degrees drew toward the shrubbery. Still listening, she passed through the narrow path, and up the long walk, to the garden-chair beneath the beech-trees.

"Let us sit here," said Edmund.

Norah disregarded the omen of place, and sat down. He stopped speaking. Surprised at his silence, she looked up. The look which met hers—the plaintive, long, beseeching look—surprised her still more. But she did not read it correctly.

"May I speak to you candidly and without reserve?"

"Yes," answered Norah, perplexed.

"Miss Lyndon—" he began; but his voice failed him. "I am afraid of displeasing you," he then said, anxiously.

"Oh, no! you can not displease me, Mr. Thorold. What have you to say? I am not afraid of any explanations with you," and she smiled.

"Thank you—thank you for that word! Then you will hear me patiently and quietly and without anger, whatever you may reply?"

"Yes," said Norah, with a frank but still perplexed expression; saying to herself, "what can he mean?"

"Have I deceived myself?" he then began; "have I read your heart only by the light of my own? But, no! it can not all be only the reflection of myself! You do feel for me kindly, affectionately, with sympathy—is it not so, Miss Lyndon? You do!"

He spoke earnestly, but oh! so gently—his soft voice falling like music on the air, his manner so controlled, so respectful!

"Yes," said Norah, looking frightened, "I do feel all this for you."

"No more? Must I be content only with friendship? Oh, Norah! I can keep my secret no longer. Promised though you are to another—but promised to one you do not love, and with whom you are unhappy and ill-assorted—it is no dishonor to seek to free you. If you can gain sufficient strength to break off your present engagement, Miss Lyndon, the whole study of my life will be how best to make you happy; how best to shape my life to yours."

He took her hand: it was cold, and trembled.

"I am sorry you have said all this," Norah answered, in a low voice; "for now I have lost my companion. I do not love you, Mr. Thorold, and I did not know that you loved me. You were a prized companion—the first I have ever had—and I liked you, and felt grateful to you; but, indeed, indeed, I do not love you."

Edmund made no complaint. He only shivered and turned paler than Norah herself, his forehead and upper lip standing thick with heavy drops.

"Then you love your cousin, who is expected back so soon—perhaps this very day—to claim you?"

Norah was silent.

"I did not know that," continued Edmund; "I did not believe you loved him."

Still she did not speak; she only shuddered slightly and looked down.

"But you forgive me for my presumption?" said the poor youth, grievingly, doing his best to prolong the conversation—the last he might ever have with her alone, or on that dangerously dear topic.

"Forgive you?—yes!—but it is not presumption. I have been to blame for not having understood your feelings better. Forgive you? Indeed, yes! but there is no forgiveness needed!"

She spoke fast for her, and almost with warmth.

He raised her hand to his lips, without any show of passion, in a quiet, subdued manner only, then left her—very sadly, but patiently and calmly—Norah looking after him sadly, too—feeling as if she should never see that young slight form again.

She was still looking after him when Gregory stood before her. Livid, haggard, worn, with a light in his eyes as in those of a panther about to spring, he stood before Norah like an evil spirit. Norah screamed, and started to her feet. Then, summoning all her self-possession, she sat down again, slowly stiffening into the statue-like, passive, painful immobility which was all that Gregory knew of her.

"I have heard your conversation," said Gregory, bitterly. "Is this the way you keep your vow, Norah? Answer me at once, and without subterfuge; is this what you call faithfulness?"

"I have broken no vow," said Norah.

"No? Then perhaps my ears have deceived me; perhaps I have heard nothing; perhaps it is a dream—a fancy—and young Edmund Thorold has made you no offer of his love. Am I mad, Norah? Am I dreaming? Have I my actual senses, and yet you dare tell me to my face that you have kept your faith with me?"

"If you have heard all, cousin, you will know that I have done so."

"Proof of which, I find my rival pouring out words of love to you! That looks like woman's faith, surely. Oh Norah, Norah!" he cried, dropping this bitter satire of his manner for the wild love natural to him; "is it not maddening for any man to have the thing he loves profaned by the love of another? Is it not torture, think you, on returning home to claim the treasure of one's life, to find a rude hand laid on the casket, and one's very title disputed? Norah, what did I hear when my eager blood had flown to my heart for joy to find myself so near you—what did I hear? A boy telling you that you did not love me, and you suffering the lie to go forth uncontradicted! Not love me!—not love me! Ay, before God and man, you do! I have come for you, Norah; I have come to bid you fly with me to-night; to leave all, and follow me, as you swore you would do; to be mine—indissolubly mine—before Heaven and the world; never more to be taken from me—never more to be separated. Norah, Norah! I call on you now to fulfill your promise, and to come!"

"To-night, cousin? Secretly! Without my father's knowledge? No, no!" said Norah, terrified.

He seized her in his arms.

Despair and terror nerved Norah. "No, cousin, no," she said, "I can not do this without my father's consent."

"Then that lad spoke true. You do not love me," groaned Gregory. "Oh! what prevents my killing you now, as you lie back upon my arm? What better death for both?" he muttered, passing his hand inside his vest, and laying it on the handle of a dagger always worn there.

"You may kill me if you will, cousin," said Norah, her terror lending her the semblance of courage.

"Kill you! Not a hair of that golden head should come to harm by me!" cried poor Gregory, pressing his lips upon her head. "My life! my love! Harm from my hand? Never! Never! Harm to myself first. But you love me, too?"

"No," said Norah, "I do not love you, cousin."

"You do not love me? Then you love him! Woe to him!"

"Cousin," said Norah, faintly, "I do not love him. I love no one."

Norah never knew, in after years, how much was true, and how much fancy, of what she thought she remembered of the time when her cousin leapt the meadow-hedge, and she told him, with the courage of despair, that she did not love him.

Twilight was drawing on. In a distant part of the park Edmund Thorold was seen by a pair of watchful eyes to walk by the river-side. The youth was thinking of the scene beneath the beech-trees; lamenting over his ill-fortune; grieving that he had tempted fate too soon; but, above all, grieving that he must leave the first and only woman he had yet found to realize his ideal; that he must leave her to slavery and misery, while he went out to desolation and despair. He sat down on the branch of a tree overhanging the river, just where it ran most rapidly through the arches of the bridge—where it was deepest, wildest, and noisiest. A stealthy step crept up to him as he sat; but he saw nothing: his face was pressed upon his arms, and these were laid against the tree, and the rushing water deadened every sound. Suddenly he heard a cry. He started up. A dark face glared over him; a hand was on his throat; and he was swung through the air like a child, then dashed heavily upon the rocks below. A slight moan, a faint stirring of the limbs, the broken eddy boiling and roaring for a moment, then closing again; and the river ran reddened over a bleeding corpse.

That night Lucy Thorold eloped with Gregory Lyndon.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE next day Lyndon Hall was in confusion. Edmund missing—not at home all night; Lucy flown; Norah like a ghost; Gregory seen stealing about the place in a mysterious and burglarious fashion—all these wild reports met Colonel Lyndon as he descended to the breakfast-room, where Launcelot Thorold, agitated and abashed, was the only one to greet him. Norah had not yet come down. It was with great effort that she came at all, for she was painfully ill.

"What does this mean?" said the Colonel, angrily. "Is all the household in league to bewilder me? Do you understand it, Mr. Thorold? Where are your brother and sister? Where, too, is Norah? What" (an untranslatable expletive) "is the meaning of all this, Sir?"

"I do not know where my brother is," replied Launcelot. "He has not been at home all night. My sister, I grieve to say—" He hesitated.

"Well, Sir, what? Speak, Mr. Thorold! Your sister?" The old Colonel looked stern, pulled up his stock, and scowled, as if Launcelot had been the cause of it all.

"My sister—" began Launcelot. But here he was interrupted by a servant bringing in a small scented note, written in violet ink.

"If you please, Sir, this is for you," said the man. "Justine, Miss Thorold's maid, gave it me. Miss Thorold left it for you on her pincushion."

The Colonel tore it open.

"MY DEAR UNCLE," it began—"for so I may soon hope to address you—at last, my happiness is at hand. Your nephew Gregory has, at last, understood that poor little Norah did not love him; no fault of hers, dear child: she did her best to obey you; but hearts are sometimes disobedient, and his has followed the—shall I say it?—first impulse of our introduction: he has loved me instead. I have known this for some time, but thought it prudent to be silent. This may account to you, dear uncle, for much which, at the time, you misunderstood, but in which I could not set you right, or enlighten you. To avoid unpleasantness to you and others, dear Gregory and I have decided on being married privately, away from Lyndon. When assured of your approbation—about which, however, I have no kind of doubt—we shall return to ask your blessing and recognition. From your expressed kind feeling for me, I am sure you will be pleased at my happiness in being made dear Gregory's wife. For Norah, I dare say she will find a husband nearer to her taste, and more similar in nature; and perhaps the two families will be even more closely united yet. Ask Edmund, dear uncle, where his heart is gone to; for it has been quite a *chasse aux cœurs* lately at Lyndon. I embrace you heartily. When Gregory and I come home to the Moat, I shall be very near you, and I shall hope to see you often.

"Your affectionate niece,

"LUCY.

"P.S.—I inclose a note which dear Gregory has just given me for you. Adieu!—L. T."

Gregory's note was shorter, and more to the point. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—My cause is lost. In searching among the papers which my father left sealed up in his lawyer's hands, we found—not a certificate of his marriage, but a confession, under his own hand and seal, which has left me a beggar, and the declared illegitimate son of a Nubian slave.

Yours truly,

"GREGORY LYNDON."

The reason of his marriage with Lucy was clear now.

Few persons would have recognized the Colonel after he had read Lucy's insolent and Gregory's defiant letter. His self-possession vanished. Based on pride, not on self-control, it could not bear so rude a shock as this. His military bearing broke down, as if it had been a pasteboard mannikin paraded before the world. He stormed, he swore, he raved and raged, and called Lucy naughty names, and threatened to shoot Gregory through the head, and insulted Launcelot, and abused Norah in really gross language, and said that if Edmund came near the Hall again he would have him horsewhipped by his groom. In short, he was a wild, mouthing madman, much too occupied with his own disappointment to feel any thankfulness at Norah's escape, or at his own. He did not remember this, nor think how he would have felt had Norah been married before the crash and exposure came. He only remembered that his bewitching mistress had betrayed him, and that she had been deceiving and laughing at him during the time of her sweetest blandishments. Poor starched Colonel, it was a rare fall for his dignity!

At this moment of supreme anger little Norah stole into the room, deathly pale and broken, but bearing up in the wonderful way proper to frail little women, who support trials which would destroy the robust. The sight of her renewed the Colonel's passion. He advanced to her menacingly, his hand uplifted. That gesture, and Norah's patient, timid, half-crouching attitude revealed a family secret to Launcelot. It seemed no new thing to the girl to have her father's hand turned against her; indeed, it was so usual, that she neither resented nor wondered at it. But Launce started forward and drew her hastily to his side, holding her, quite unconscious of appearances, with his left arm round her waist, while prepared to defend her with his right, even against her father.

The nearest approach to love which Norah had ever felt was then, when Launcelot Thorold took her on his arm. It was the first time in her life that she had ever known the real protection of a man—that protection of superior strength which is so sweet to women to receive. Her father had beaten and subdued her into mechanical submission; Gregory had overwhelmed her with his passion and overcome her by the force of his love; young Edmund had worshiped and reverenced her; but no one had ever before protected her—no one had made her feel her weakness a claim to aid and care. If Launcelot had read her heart at this moment, perhaps he, too, would have mistaken and hoped.

The Colonel, baffled in his assault on Norah, turned against Launcelot, and a painful and undignified scene was the result, when, in the midst of their highest altercation, a small knot of men, bearing a body in the midst, was seen crossing the park. Both Launcelot and Norah were struck with the same foreboding.

"Stay here—you are safe," whispered Launce, rushing from the room, judging correctly that the Colonel's attention would be diverted, and that Norah was therefore left in no peril.

She saw him cross the lawn, and almost meet the men. But one of them, the head game-keeper, stepped forward and spoke to him, laying his broad hand on his arm in the honest equality of sympathy. Launce thrust him aside, hastily but not ungently; and then she heard an agonized cry, as he recognized his fair young brother, with a deep wound on his forehead, lying stark in the arms of his bearers. That beautiful young face! Even in death the glory of the love and genius which had animated it in life lay like a light across it. Beautiful young boy! What a fearful quenching of so much excellence, of so much rare promise and rich beginnings.

"God bless my heart and soul!" said the Colonel, when he heard the particulars. "How very unpleasant for me! It will be in all the newspapers."

The verdict of the coroner's inquest was "found drowned." Norah told no one what she knew and what she suspected. Her evidence would have been priceless to the jury; but no one dreamed that she could have enlightened them. She had not been observed walking with Edmund through the shrubbery; and the game-keeper was the last man who had seen him alive. It was possible that he had missed his footing and fallen headlong into the river, where, the blow having stunned him, it was not difficult to be drowned. There was no mark of struggling on the bank, no sign of personal violence; he had not been robbed; it was not known that he had an enemy in the world.

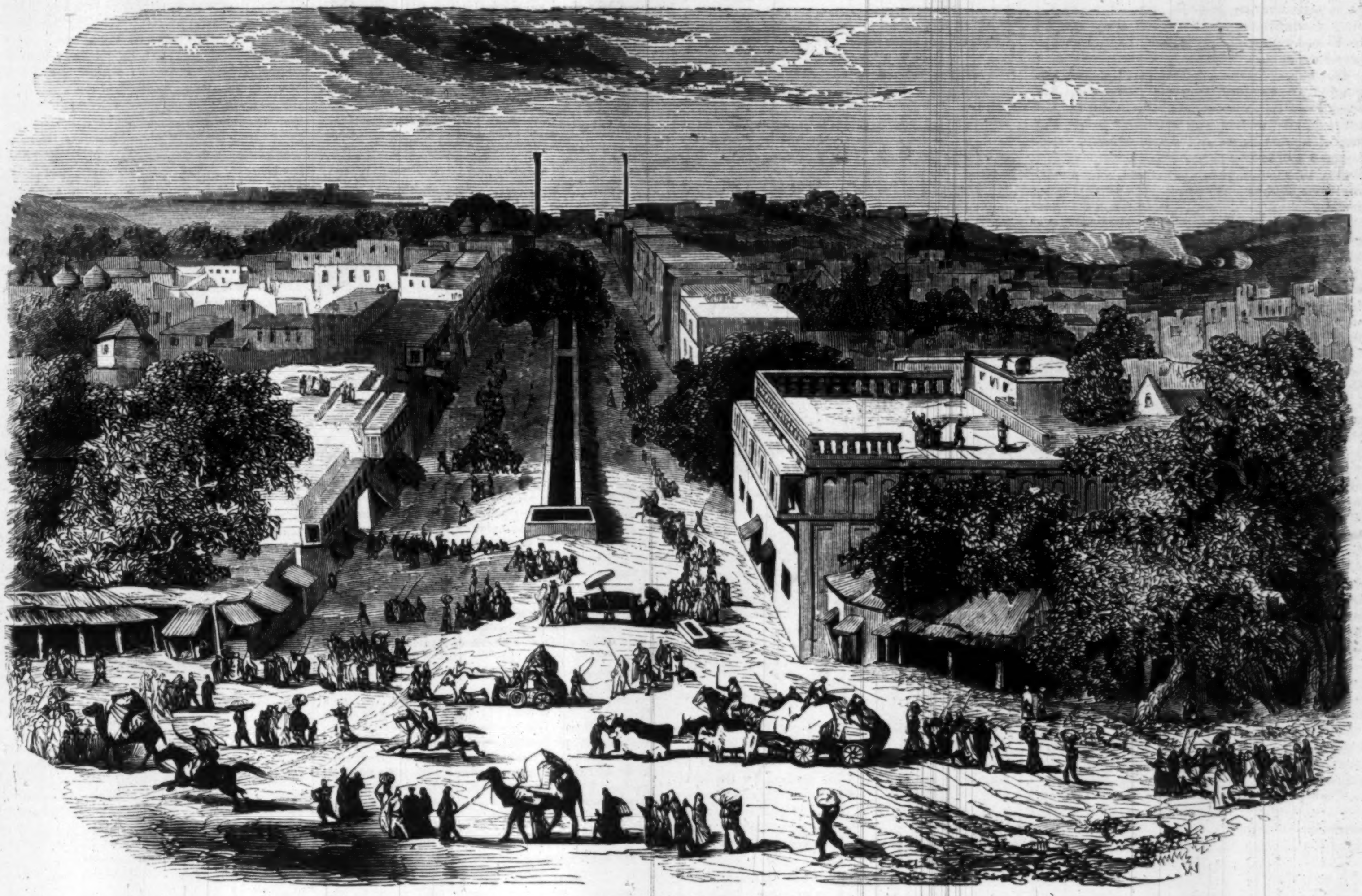
But Launce was not satisfied, and Norah felt nearly certain of the truth. Launce, however, could do nothing. He could not bring his suspicions home to their object, or concentrate them into any intelligent act; and it never occurred to Norah to say to living soul what she thought or knew. She had been too well drilled into silence and reticence to get into trouble by too much talking. So the tragedy paled into the gray indistinctness of the past, and the precise circumstances were soon obliterated and forgotten.

Launce went back to his own home—the only one of those three joyous young creatures who had set out, so full of pleasure, for a mere ordinary conventional visit. But what a terrible ending to that ordinary visit! What a household wreck was swept back to them by the storm that had shaken Lyndon to the base. Poor Launce! he who had been, perhaps, the happiest of them all, and the most helpful to them all, now left alone, as the sole comfort of the wretched parents. How often he went over the old walks, and sat in the old seats, and lived, again and again, over every happy hour of that pleasant family life, which had had few equals in the county for beauty, hope, and affection!

The Colonel never rallied after the shock. He sank rapidly into the old man: less stern and violent, but more peevish and irritable; more wearisome, but less terrifying. He would not allow Norah to quit his presence for half an hour, and he found fault with her, in a querulous way, all the time she was there. But she lost all personal fear of him. It was a duller life even than formerly, but not so violent; more wearisome, but not so destructive. Norah wore her fetters as patiently as she used in old times, when they cut deeper and made scars, but were less heavy. She changed in nothing; she glided through life always the same pallid, timid, silent, retiring creature; more like a slave purchased by money than the heiress of the great Lyndon estates.

In a dirty garret in Paris lived Mrs. Gregory Lyndon and her husband. How they lived, indeed, no one could have told; not even themselves. He was a furious gambler, and as furious a drunkard; passing days, and nights, and weeks from home; not jealous, or solicitious for his wife, because profoundly indifferent to her. He would have been thankful for any act of hers which should have allowed him to get legal, if shameful, deliverance from her. But poor Lucy's day of thoughtlessness had gone. A slatternly, neglected woman, she was a virtuous, if a wretched one; and, though she had long ceased to love her husband, she had both pride and early principle remaining. None of her family knew where she was. They had tried to trace her, but Lucy having thrown every possible obstacle in the way, after months of weary search, they were forced to leave her to her self-appointed fate. And what a fate! Drunken orgies, squalid misery, vice, crime, starvation, brutality—these were the matins and the vespers of Lucy's marriage altar. She never knew how her husband gained his money—for all did not come from the gaming-table—but she dared not question him. Gregory had learned his uncle's habit with women, and Lucy had more than once had reason to know that her husband's hand was hard, and her husband's arm strong. At last, a more than ordinarily daring outrage on the public code of private possession threw Gregory into the hands of the police. False coinage will not always ring, and false notes will sometimes betray unskillful writing. He was arrested as a forger, and condemned to the galleys for life. But, before he had been twenty-four hours in prison, the latent malady, always near, broke out; and so Gregory was sent to Charenton instead of to the Bagnes,—to the hospital for the mad, not to the stronghold of the criminal.

When Lucy heard of this, and knew that in any case she was practically divorced from her husband, she wrote home to her mother; besought forgiveness and aid, and—would not Launce go to see her? They were too glad to be able to forgive her, and Launcelot set off for Paris ten minutes after the letter reached the house. In a few days Lucy was once more under her father's roof; and, by the time she was thirty, not a trace of her terrible experience was left on her. She was handsomer than



CHANDEE CHOKE, THE BROADWAY OF DELHI.

ever, as worldly, as self-possessed, as luxurious. No one who saw the beautiful young widow as she lived and moved in the calm state of home, would have imagined that she had once lived in a Parisian garret, cooking her own food—when she had any—but more often going without; bruised and trampled on by a forger and coiner; with sometimes only a ragged gown as her sole covering; sometimes indebted for the bare necessaries of life to the poor charbonnier and the poorer portress—to the chiffonnier in the room next to hers, to the little grisette a stage lower—obliged for dear life, to people whom she would have passed by, now, as loftily as if her misery and theirs had never come together. But she used to talk grandly of her Parisian life, and often quoted the time "when I lived in that bewitching Paris." Which sounded well.

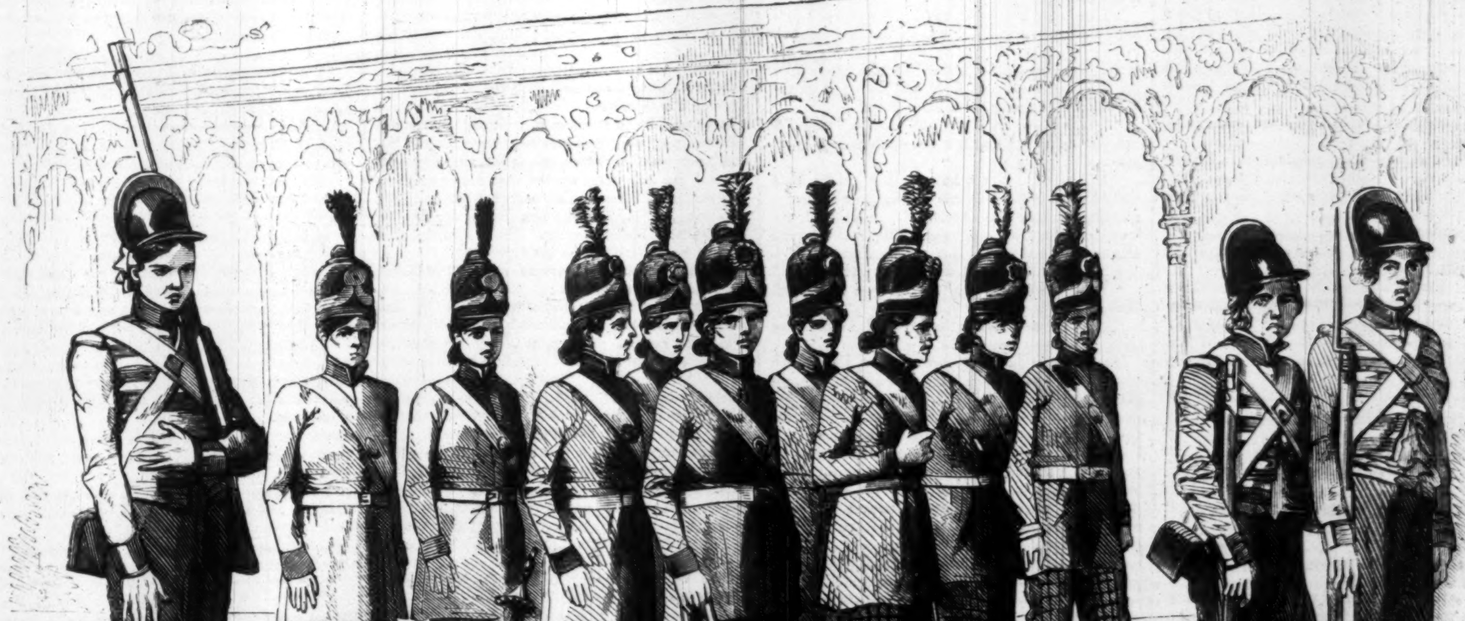
A short time after Lucy's return Colonel Lyndon died, and Norah was left sole heiress and proprietor. Launcelot, at her request, went over to the Hall to advise and assist her. She had no friends and no relatives, and she remembered that Launcelot had once put his arms about her and shielded her from her father.

SCENES IN INDIA.

OF the accompanying illustrations one depicts a company of Amazons, or female Sepoys, in the service of the Nizam at Hyderabad; the other, the great street, the Broadway of Delhi, the Chandee Choke, where the great massacre took place on the sack of the city, and the bodies of the King's sons were afterward exposed. This street has been so frequently described in the late numbers of the *Weekly* (see Nos. 42, 48, etc.) that we need only at this time direct attention to the picture, which will be found worthy of inspection.

The other illustration is taken from a sketch made by a recent traveler, for whose benefit the Nizam had the civility to muster his female guards in the court-yard of the palace at Hyderabad. The guards are all young women, some of them not very ill-favored; they are armed and equipped like the male Sepoys; and while the non-commissioned officers are women like the rank and file, the captains and lieutenants belong to the sterner sex. Their duties are to guard the King's harem.

The practice of hiring women soldiers to guard harems has been of long duration. It is said to have arisen in consequence of a scandal which took place at Delhi under the Emperor Nadir Shah. A faithful eunuch reported to the Emperor, with much fear and trembling, that, hearing noises on the three previous nights in the harem, he had felt it to be his duty to make an investigation, and that, on each occasion, three of the favorites were absent from their sleeping apartments. The delinquents turned up next morning as usual, and



THE FEMALE GUARD OF THE NIZAM'S HAREM AT HYDERABAD.

appeared as innocent as babies; and the Emperor, whose heart was soft, and who reflected that it was physically impossible for his women to escape from the harem without being seen by the guard, dismissed the eunuch, with the remark that he must be mistaken. On the following night, shortly after midnight, the Emperor was roused from his slumbers by this same eunuch, who called to him, and bade him, with the familiarity of an old and faithful servant, come and satisfy himself. The Emperor complied with the request, followed the eunuch to the women's apartments, and found, alas! that the birds had flown, and the nests were empty.

With a furious exclamation, he rushed down the narrow stair-case into the yard, and dashed himself, half-clad as he was, against the door of the little hut which served as a guard-house for the officers of the guard. The door was fast; but a few soldiers from outside, at the sound of the well-known voice of the Emperor, speedily burst it open, and his majesty entered.

What he saw there has never been thoroughly ascertained. He never told any one. But it was generally supposed at Delhi that the execution of three officers and twenty-five men of the palace guard within a day or two afterward had something to do with the night affair at the palace. And the discovery in the Jumna, a few days afterward, of three corpses of young and beautiful girls, with the well-known mark of the bowstring round their necks, was likewise connected by the gossips with the same event, though, as a general thing, the Emperor's character for clemency and kindness of heart was good.

A short while after this, the experiment was tried of an Amazon regiment. Stout, able-bodied girls were selected from among the slaves of the household, and recruited from the mountain tribes. They were perseveringly drilled, and armed like the male soldiers; and after a time they were found to answer so well that other sovereigns of the East followed the example—thus confiding the indoor service of their harem to eunuchs, and their outdoor protection to women.

The King of Oude, as is known, kept a regiment of these Amazons for the service of his harem. They are described as stout, strong-limbed creatures, with very little refinement about them. Indeed, until the visitor was told of their sex, he seldom suspected it; they looked like young soldiers, with a fullness about the chest which was ascribed to padding, and a peculiarity in their walk which was imputed to incorrect drill. Their musket exercise was good, and the officers of the household expressed the utmost confidence in their courage and fidelity. As many of them were married, they were occasionally obliged to obtain a couple of mouths leave of absence; but this was denounced, in the plainest language, as inconsistent with military discipline, in a placard which hung in the court-yard; and when a delinquent appeared before the monarch to solicit a furlough, her appearance explaining without words the object of her visit, the King usually accompanied the favor with a few paternal admonitions of a practical though not very delicate character, and often wound up by saying that if it occurred again he would take effective measures for preventing it afterward.

The female guards of the Nizam's harem are of Mongol origin, as their features indicate. They are commended as rather delicate looking; the Nizam prefers girls under twenty, as possessing fewer family ties, and more easily managed. When a girl has served him faithfully for a period of years, he finds her a husband, and provides the couple with employment in the household. Their uniform is picturesque. They wear a shako with plume, under which their long hair is gathered in a roll. The coat, in imitation of the Sepoys, is of red cloth, crossed by the usual white lace; the trowsers, which are made precisely on the same plan as a man's, are green; the Amazon's feet are bare, but she wears, when on duty, sandals or slippers which strap to the ankle. Altogether their appearance is picturesque and creditable; though it may be questioned whether, if they were opposed to a regiment of bronzed and whiskered males, they would acquit themselves as creditably as their prototypes in the old Greek fable.

DREAMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the "Antiquary," in commenting upon the difference between dreams and hallucinations, remarks that in both instances the horses draw the chariot without guidance, but in dreams the driver is asleep, while in hallucinations he is insane. In the state of sleep, the sentinel which presides over the waking faculties has left his post, and although the senses are still susceptible to the same impressions as in a waking state, yet the power of volition or of directing the will is for the time held in abeyance. Identity ceases to manifest itself, and Imagination assuming the reins which have fallen from the hands of the drowsy charioteer, directs the course of the steeds into unfamiliar pathways, where every thing is strange and unreal. It often occurs that when the mind is busied during the day it may continue the process in an involuntary manner during sleep, and often with singular and happy results. Abercrombie relates that a friend of his, who held the post of cashier of one of the principal banking houses in Glasgow, was requested in the discharge of his duties to pay a check of six pounds sterling. Several persons were waiting to receive payments in their turn, but the holder of the six-pound check was importunate, and withal stuttered so insupportably, that one of the clerks besought the cashier to pay the man out of his turn, in order to get rid of him. The cashier assented and did so, without entering the payment upon the books. The circumstance was forgotten, and at the conclusion of the year an error of six pounds appeared upon the books, which defied the most careful scrutiny to discover. After passing several days and nights in the vain endeavor to ferret out the mistake, he retired to bed one night overcome with fatigue, and had scarcely fallen asleep when his stuttering friend appeared to him, and in his dream re-enacted all the scene which had occurred at the counter of the banking-house some months before. Upon examining the books on the following day he discovered the omission, which weeks of labor had not enabled him to reach.

But dreams are not always equally reliable. Voltaire, when composing *Henriade*, dreamed the whole plan of the first canto, but entirely different from what it was written, from whence he concludes that as in his dream he said things which he would not say when awake, that he thought and reflected involuntarily. "I possessed," he says, "no freedom of will, and yet I combined ideas with shrewdness, and even with genius."

A case occurred to a friend of the writer's which, like that of Voltaire's, shows the vanity of placing reliance on dreams. The person referred to, who was a man of sound judgment, dreamed that, as he was passing a lottery-office, he was attracted by a crowd standing around the door, and drew near to ascertain the cause. Upon a near approach he discovered that they were eagerly gazing upon a large placard held in the air by an attendant of the office, upon which was written in large figures the numbers of a recently-drawn lottery. The three first drawn numbers, which entitled the holder to the highest prize, he distinctly read, and, with an exclamation of surprise, drew from his own pocket a ticket containing the identical numbers placed first upon the placard.

While those around him were offering their congratulations at his success, he awoke, with the numbers so indelibly impressed upon his mind as not only to remember them, but to reproduce them a second time in a dream in a subsequent slumber, into which he fell before arising.

Upon informing his friends of this circumstance on the following morning, they all united in urging him to purchase the ticket containing the lucky combination. Having no faith in lotteries, he was somewhat averse to so doing, but, overcome by their persuasions, he finally yielded the point, and after much search succeeded in finding the ticket he had seen in his sleep, and purchased it. All who were cognizant of the circumstance, except himself, felt assured that he would draw the highest prize, and were, in anticipation, providing means for its proper disposal.

The gentleman who bought the ticket assured them of his belief that the venture would be unsuccessful, but added that the opportunity to prove the little reliance to be placed on dreams was too good to be lost. The day of the drawing finally arrived, and all suspense was removed by the discovery that the ticket, like many other things in real life, however gilded it may have been in the dream, was nothing more than—*a blank*.

Yet it can not be denied that not only the impressions made in dreams upon the mind are often real, but that they are sometimes the precursors of future events, whether by a more intense concentration of the faculties of the mind, as in the case of the solution of a difficult proposition, when awake or in some less scrutable mode can not always be determined. "The opinion," says Bernardin St. Pierre, in Paul and Virginia, "that truth is sometimes presented to us during sleep prevails among all nations. The greatest men of antiquity had faith in it, and among others Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, the two Catos, and Brutus, none of whom were weak-minded men. The Old and New Testaments furnish us with numerous examples of dreams that have been realized. For myself I need nothing beyond my own experience, for I have more than once discovered that dreams may give such information as is interesting to ourselves, and which it is not possible to combat or defend upon any ordinary principles of reason."

These assimilate nearly to those presentiments which manifest themselves when awake, and are inscrutible to the individual, but doubtless much oftener produced by natural antipathies than is generally supposed. A remarkable instance of this prescience happened to Talleyrand, while he was an exile from France and a resident of New York.

This distinguished diplomatist was accompanied in his wanderings by a dear friend, who was devotedly attached to him, and had cheerfully shared his bad as well as his good fortune, and voluntarily accompanied him in his exile. While in New York, Talleyrand and his friend, desiring to make the most of their small capital, embarked it in a venture to the Indies. Their freight was on shipboard, and they were waiting with considerable impatience for a wind favorable for their departure.

In the state of uncertainty occasioned by the doubts as to the precise time of their departure, Talleyrand's friend became excited in an extraordinary degree, insomuch that he could not remain quiet, but roamed through every part of the city. On one occasion he entered Talleyrand's room while the latter was occupied in writing letters to Europe, and leaning over his shoulder remarked with forced gayety, "Why do you waste time in writing letters that will never reach their destination? Come, let us make the round of the Battery, the wind may become favorable, and we may be nearer the period of our departure than we imagine."

The day, notwithstanding the high wind, was magnificent; and, easily persuaded by his friend, the Prince soon found himself in the busy-peopled streets, which they threaded on their way to the Battery. Talleyrand's friend exhibited great alacrity in closing the writing-desk, and furnishing the Prince with his hat and cane. When in the street, he offered his arm, and hurried on as if in haste to reach the Battery, talking incessantly in an elevated and excited tone. When on the grand esplanade of the Battery, his friend hurried still faster, and spoke in a more energetic manner of the beauty of the scene. Suddenly he stopped in the midst of his incoherent conversation. Talleyrand disengaged his arm, and stood looking him full in the face, with his eye fixed intently upon him.

"Your intention," said Talleyrand, firmly, and without fear, "is to cast me into the sea. You mean to take my life. Deny it, monster, if you dare!"

The insane man looked for a few moments at Talleyrand, muttered a few words, and attempted to pass him, which Talleyrand prevented by spreading out his arms; when, with a wild look, he threw himself on his neck, burst into tears, and confessed that, haunted by some infernal desire, he had brought him there to precipitate him into the sea, from which he was not one foot distant. Without the presentiment of his friend's actions which occurred so opportunely, this eminent statesman, instead of filling the prominent place which he afterward occupied in European diplomacy, would have left his remains to bleach in this city.

A few days of quiet, and depleting medicine, restored the insane man to himself, and the subject was never afterward referred to by either of them, until narrated by Talleyrand long after the decease of his friend, as an incident in his own eventful life.

It frequently occurs that operations of the mind begun before are continued in sleep. Franklin was often enlightened in his abstruse studies by the suggestions of his thoughts during a state of sleep. The *Divina Commèdia* is said to be due to the influence of a dream. The writer, in composing a piece of poetry, was at a loss for a single line, which he changed several times, without substituting one in harmony with the other parts of the poem. Having retired to rest one night, without thinking of this poetical composition, he awoke from a dream in which the exact line he wished was imprinted upon his memory. Struck with its adaptation, and knowing the treacherous nature of the memory under such circumstances, he rose from bed, committed the line to paper, and again retired. It now forms a part of the poem, and whatever may be said of its merits as a whole, this line can not be changed for the better.

The mind, in dreams, often takes up and eliminates original processes of thought. An anecdote is related by one of the publishers of this paper, of a distinguished clergyman, whose mind in sleep arranged and eliminated an entire discourse, of which he had never before thought, but which he delivered in the precise order in which it had been developed in his dream with the happiest effect. The narrator, who listened to the discourse and was cognizant of the mode of its production at the time, was strongly impressed with its force and appropriateness.

DIFFERENCES.

I.

THE King can drink the best of wine—
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I;
And can not order Rain or Shine—
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the King and me?

II.

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they!
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the King and me.

III.

Do knaves around me lie in wait
To deceive,
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state,—
By my leave?
No! Heaven be thanked! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the King and me!

IV.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips,
Welladay!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the King and me.

V.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the King would change with me!

CHARLES MACKAY.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN Illinois paper says there is a man in Olney so dirty that the assessors put him down as "real estate."

A postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

A cockney friend of ours does not believe in wine bitters before dinner; he thinks a bottle or two of Champagne more likely to lead to a *happy-tight*.

"Oh, father," said a youth who was not particularly noted for his wit, "I came very near shooting a wild goose to-day." "You did, Stephen! How happened it that you were unsuccessful in the attempt?" "Why, you see, father, I was coming across the hill, and just as I got against the old apple-tree a flock of geese came within two rods of my head, and I should have shot half a dozen of them if I'd only had your gun with me."

That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar 'pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

The man who attempted to catch the Speaker's eye with a steel-trap, was ordered to take the floor by the sergeant-at-arms.

The horses of the city of New York are slandered badly by a writer in the Boston *Gazette*, who says: "On two occasions only are New York horses fast: when they are homeward bound, and when they are tied. Boston horses are stout and clumsy. New York horses lean and fashionable—wearing hoops. But there's no more spirit in the latter than in Neal Dow. I have yet to hear of one of them kicking a man to death. When a horse-jockey desires to sell his steed, he procures a derrick and raises the animal's hind legs. This he claims as life and spirit. That's New York 'rearing.'"

There are some horses at Williams and Stevens, on Broadway, better than those this writer describes. Hear him again: "I love mettle in an animal. How glorious it is when you get on a horse to be right off! That's up-and-down sport. My room-mate informs me that a drawing-match came off at the circus a few days ago, between a stage-horse and a good-sized poultice. The poultice won, and has since been challenged to a trial of strength by a pound of boarding-house butter. Odds in favor of the latter are bet by 'the knowing ones.'"

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing wink replied: "Why, I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

When Duchenois, the celebrated French actress, died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? she died without leaving me any thing in her will—I, who have *dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years!*"

Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God *one* day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore should you turn to God *to-day*. Perhaps you may die *to-morrow;* thus, every day would be employed in turning to Him."

A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliot, an incorrigible wag, who was not noted for any particular and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional *jeu d'esprit* with the dry professor of conics. On one occasion the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied, "I don't know how." "But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it, what would you do?" "I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amidst the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

An old cynic, at a concert one night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz.:

"Oh, give me a cot in the valley I love."

Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

A private letter from Cawnpore says: "Lieutenant Sanders, belonging to the Eighty-fourth Regiment, when brought before the tyrant Nena Sahib, pulled out his revolver, shot dead [illegible] of the guard, and narrowly missed the Rajah with the sixth round, when they crucified him to the ground. The whole of the cavalry charged past him, and every one had a cut at him until he was actually hacked to pieces."

A writer of much merit says, that with a wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life. And *vice versa.*

A late writer says that woman has no generosity toward her own sex. *Who ever knew one woman to go security for another woman's house-rent?*

A man named Edgar Fluker has a new recipe for the cure of those painful excrescences, cancers. The remedy is cheap, and easy of obtaining and applying, and can not possibly do any harm. It is simply to hold a toad or frog, either dead or alive, to the affected part for the space of one hour, repeating the application as occasion requires. With six frogs Mr. Fluker says he cured a very painful cancer upon his nose, of six years' standing, and now considers himself sound and well.

Yet I lack courage manfully to try
The fate that Julia's "Yes" or "No" discloses;
For even in love the proverb must apply,
That God disposes.

Now I take courage hopefully to try
What fate in Julia's "Yes" or "No" uncloses;
For still to love the proverb must apply,
That man "proposes."

A friend of ours going home with his wife from the theatre the other night, was urged by his said wife to quicken his pace, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, and the probability that little Bessy was kicking up a muss at home. "I never walk past a certain gait," was the reply. "Indeed!" said the rib, "whose gate is it?" To be treated by one's wife that way—isn't it horrible!

"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman who was at work in a coal-yard. "Black as iver," said Pat.

"What noise is that I hear, Pat?" "Troth," replied Pat, "it's only the singing in my ears; I've heard it these six months."

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

"Ah, Miss Caroline," said a teacher to one of his class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, Sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

Did you ever think of the principal mistakes in friendships? Mrs. Browning says: "I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, *not* from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an overestimate of *their* liking for and opinion of us."

It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when one is writing. A great writer and speaker once said that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but, for this, all his blood would have ran into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

EPIGRAM.

"Marriage, not mirage, Jane, here in your letter,
With your education, you surely know better."
Quickly spake my young wife, while I sat in confusion,
"'Tis quite correct, Thomas, they're each an illusion."

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad track. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

The oldest mnemonic curiosity is that of a woman who never knows her own age, but knows to half an hour that of her female friends!

The Abbé de Voisenon was one day in company with Racine the younger, at the house of Voltaire, who was reading to them his tragedy of Alzire. Racine, thinking he recognized one of his own verses, kept repeating between his teeth, "That verse is mine." The Abbé, growing impatient at the continued murmur, went up to Voltaire and said, "Give him his verse, and let him go."

A boy out West entered a neighbor's house, weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

"Dad's dead!" was the reply, and the boy's tears started afresh—"they're goin' to—(boo-hoo-hoo!)—bury him to-morrer, and I know (boo-hoo!) that I shill never git over it!"

At this point the crying ceased, and the boy's eyes rested with apparent interest on something above the mantlepiece. Suddenly he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and admiration:

"Thunderation! Mr. Jones, ain't that a bully rifle! Whar'd yer git it?"

The *iron* was in his eye, but it had not exactly entered his soul.

Jones, while recently engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "*axe*-idental."

The man who minds his own business was in the city on Saturday, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

"I can't complain; before 'the crash,'" says Bill,
"I did have nothing, and I have it still."

Tradesmen who are advertising to sell cheap, often announce one fixed price; but one in Hartford, who says that he wants money, and must have it, adds, "We give the *lowest prices* the first time, and if that don't sell, then we throw off a little!"

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring State, says: "We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the *mails*."

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapt in thought," that he was tied up, labeled, and sent off on the first "train of ideas."

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that you are a sculptor?" "No, Sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, December* 14, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been moderately active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. These have arrived quite freely, and as receivers have manifested no reluctance to sell, the prevalent inquiry has been promptly satisfied at, in most instances, easier prices. The weather has been favorable for a continuance of inland navigation, and the State Canals, which were to have been closed on the 10th, will be kept open till the 15th instant, so that all the boats recently locked up by ice will be enabled to reach their destination. Our available supply of Breadstuffs is generally estimated as being about equal to the available supply here this time last year; and there is a fair prospect that the receipts by railroad and by coastwise vessels the winter through will not fall much, if any, short of the amount that will be required by purchasers.... Cotton has been sparingly offered and purchased at lower and irregular prices. Our available stock is now but 2254 bales against 58,660 bales this time last year. Most of the supply now here is of good middling quality.... Provisions have generally been in limited request at reduced prices. The only extensive movements reported were in Bacon, of which there were purchased, chiefly for the California market, 1200 hogsheads City-cut, short, clear, boneless Middles, and 260,000 lbs. City-cut, the latter deliverable in January and February, at prices not disclosed....There has been more animation discoverable in the Grocery trade, especially in Sugars, which have been favorably affected by the frost accounts from Louisiana....Dry Goods jobbers have been buying Sheetings and Shirtings, Standard Prints, &c., to some extent, on speculation, and a heavy sale of Brown Drills has been made for export, supposed to China, at 9 cents, 8 mos. In other kinds of Domestic, as well as in nearly all descriptions of Foreign Goods, the private movements from first hands have been very light at irregular prices. Extensive sales, chiefly of imported fabrics, have been effected through the auction rooms, generally at a reduction of 25 @ 75 per cent. from cost prices....No remarkable movements occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for such articles as have varied in value materially during the week:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 50	@	$4 85
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 50	@	4 85
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 70	@	7 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	5 00	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	4 50	@	6 35
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	5 00	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 50	@	4 35
Corn Meal, per barrel...............	3 25	@	3 70
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 15	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	96	@	1 27
New Crop Corn, per bushel..........	60	@	70
Rye, per bushel....................	75	@	76
Barley, per bushel.................	68	@	83
Western Oats, per bushel...........	46	@	48
State Oats, per bushel.............	44	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	37	@	41
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	32	@	38
Cotton, good middlings, per pound....	11¼	@	11½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	15 25	@	16 00
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	13 50	@	14 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 75
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce.........	19 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	14 00	@	16 00
Bacon, per pound...................	10	@	11
Lard, per pound....................	10	@	10½
State Butter, per pound............	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound..........	11	@	16
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	10½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	5¼	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	21½	@	22½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	10	@	35
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon......	39	@	—
American Fleece Wool, per pound...	27	@	45
" Pulled Wool, per pound...	20	@	28

Freights were somewhat brisker and firmer toward the close. For Liverpool — Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 680. Seamen were less inquired for and on easier terms. The currency at the close was as follows:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool .... per month	$18	$18
To London	18	18
To West and North of Europe	18	18
To Mediterranean..................	16	16
To South America	16	16
To West Indies.....................	18	18
To East Indies and California........	15	30
Coasting	20	10

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was depressed, in part by the rainy weather. Beeves were in slack request and were heavy. Milch Cows were in moderate demand, and those of good quality were bringing better prices....Veal Calves were lightly dealt in, the bulk of the supply having been composed of "bobs" and "kittens," which no prudent buyers would purchase....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and met with a ready market at somewhat firmer rates....The stock of Swine was unusually heavy, and prices were lower, as the demand was relatively limited.....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Dec. 2.*	Week ending *Dec. 9.*
Beeves.....................	3,195	2,649
Milch Cows	154	173
Veal Calves................	369	480
Sheep and Lambs	6,755	7,788
Swine......................	3,051	7,269

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York State	818	Connecticut	79
Kentucky...........	317	Indiana...............	40
Illinois	190	Michigan	18
Ohio...............	100	New Jersey............	11

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 7	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound.........	4	@	10
Live Swine, per pound..............	4	@	5
Dressed " "	5	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets exhibit increased activity and firmness, especially for Vegetables. The supplies are generally less extensive, and the competition among sellers is less urgent.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 00	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	6½	@	8½
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 50
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel.............	5 50	@	8 50
Potatoes, per barrel................	2 00	@	3 25
" per bushel................	90	@	95
" sweet, per barrel..........	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel................	62	@	87
Squashes, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Pumpkins, per 100	10 00	@	18 00
Beets, per barrel	1 12	@	1 25
Cabbages, per 100	2 50	@	4 25
" Red, per dozen	62	@	87
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel.................	1 00	@	1 15
Leeks, per 100.....................	4 00	@	5 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen.............	17	@	17½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	19½	@	20
Chickens, per pair..................	50	@	1 00
" per pound..............	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair.....................	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound....................	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	56	@	62
Ducks, per pound	10	@	14
" per pair	25	@	2 25
Turkeys, per pound..................	12	@	14
Geese, each	75	@	1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	75	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen.................	3 00	@	4 00
Grouse, per pair....................	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, each.........................	12	@	15
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.......................	1 25	@	2 00
Rabbits, each.......................	10	@	15
Hares, each.........................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each	3	@	4
Venison, per pound	12	@	14
Beef, per pound.....................	7	@	10
Mutton, per pound...................	4	@	9
Lamb, per pound	6	@	10
Veal, per pound	3	@	7
Pork, per pound.....................	5	@	7

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Morning, Dec.* 14, 1857.

The foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with the foreign trade of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 12, 1857	$2,761,529....	$1,184,950
Corresponding week, 1856	2,959,557....	1,903,268
Decrease.............	$198,028	$719,309

During the week, $2,654,429 of specie was sent out, making the total shipment for the year, up to this date, $41,343,416. Still, notwithstanding the heavy shipments to foreign countries, the receipts of gold from the interior are likely to keep the balance in the City Banks in the neighborhood of twenty-five millions. In consequence of the resumption of specie payments by the Banks on Saturday, specie has ceased to command a premium, and financial authorities estimate that the shipments to England will be increased. There is no steamer this week, however.

Exchange on London rules at 109¼ @ 109½ for 60 day bills, and 111 @ 111¼ for sight drafts; on Paris, 5.12 @ 5.10 for sight drafts.

Money continues to be easy for good paper; but some of the banks are beginning to be suspicious of railroad stocks. Stocks show a declining tendency; the public have very little to do with them, and the fluctuations are the work of the brokers.

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